

# MODERN COMICS

MAY  
No.73

10¢

**BLACKHAWK**

descends upon  
THE **SABOTEURS!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# QUALITY

*NOW GIVES YOU*

# BLACKHAWK DOLL MAN PLASTIC MAN CANDY *and* KID ETERNITY

*EVERY OTHER MONTH*

**LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**

**ONLY  
10¢**

MODERN COMICS, May, 1948, No. 73. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 678 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1941, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsold material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

MODERN COMICS

# BLACKHAWK



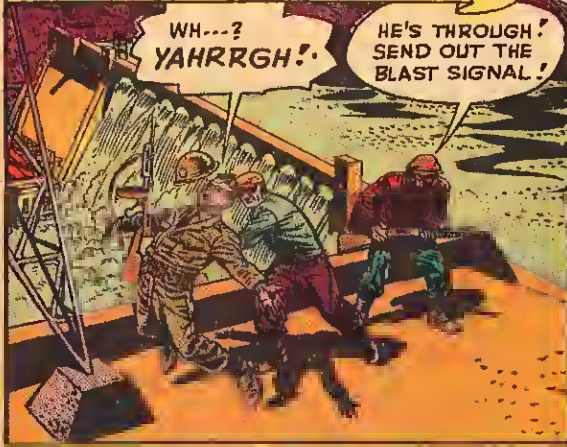
For the first time in their history, the **BLACKHAWKS** stood accused—arraigned by **JUSTICE** for man's blackest crime.....

**TREASON!** Treason against their own beloved country! And around them a nation burned and crumbled under the hand of a monstrous madman, whose crimes were laid at their door!

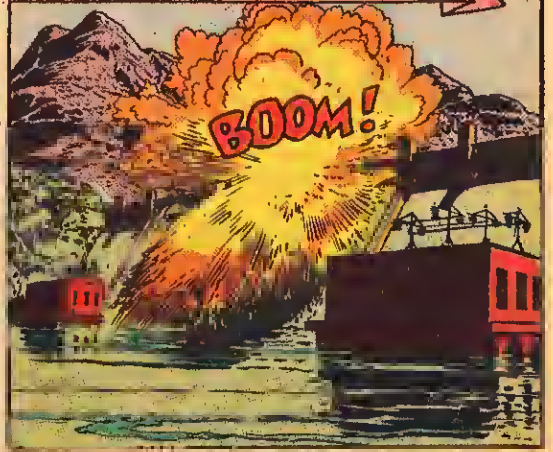
*The SABOTEUR!*



The scene: Grand Canyon Dam!  
The act: **MURDER!**



...and the pride of a nation is pulverized!



On the tracks of a crack express train...

SET THE TIME FUSE AT THIRTY SECONDS AND SCRAM! THE SILVER ROCKET IS DUE FOR A SURPRISE!

ALL SET!



A blast furnace in a giant steel plant...

SHE'S SET, GUNNER! LET'S DUST!

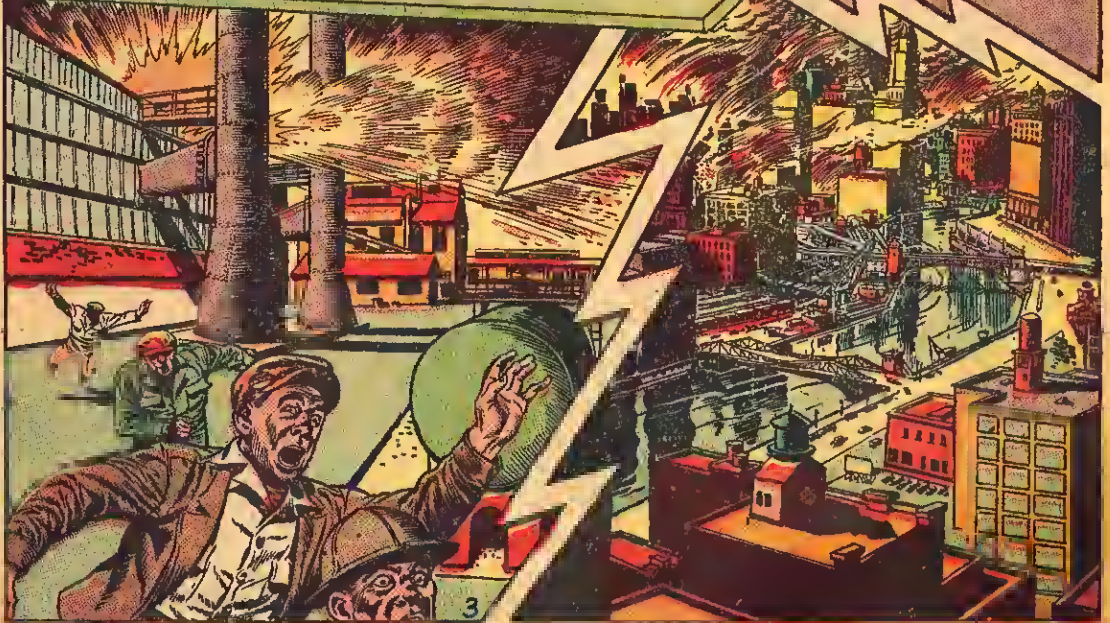
RIGHT! I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN THE HEAT MELTS THAT STEEL-JACKETED NITRO CARTRIDGE!





**T**his is America!  
This is today! A  
horrified nation  
cringes in fear as  
a nameless terror  
spreads havoc...  
and destruction  
throughout the  
land!

FELLOW AMERICANS!  
YOUR GOVERNMENT  
ASKS YOU TO BE CALM  
AND BRAVE DURING  
THIS CRISIS! THE  
ENEMY IS ALL ABOUT US,  
BUT HE CAN BE  
CONQUERED! KEEP  
COOL! BE ALERT! REPORT  
ALL SUSPICIOUS PERSONS  
AND ACTIONS TO YOUR LOCAL  
POLICE! WE CAN--- WE WILL---  
WE MUST CONQUER!





MODERN COMICS

The national emergency finds the Blackhawks doing their share in a sky patrol ....

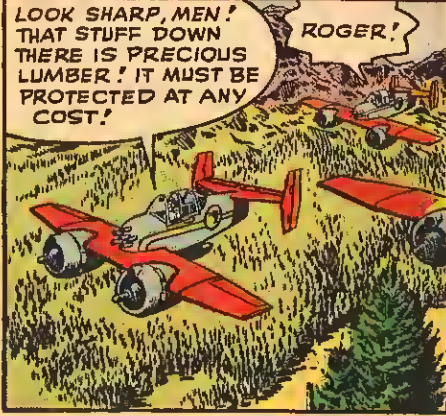
LOOK SHARP, MEN! THAT STUFF DOWN THERE IS PRECIOUS LUMBER! IT MUST BE PROTECTED AT ANY COST!

ROGER!

CHECK YOUR FUEL GAUGES AND JETTISON YOUR BELLY TANKS, IF THEY'RE EMPTY!

TANKS EMPTY AND READY TO DROP!

O.K., BOYS! HEAD FOR HOME! THE AIR-FORCE LAOS WILL TAKE OVER THE PATROL NOW!



Later, on Blackhawk Island...

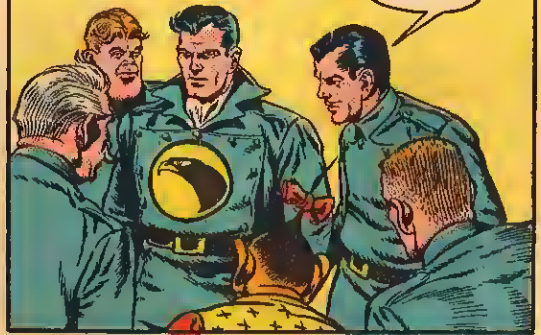
HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS!

FLASH! SABOTEURS HAVE STRUCK ANOTHER BLOW, AT THE NATION'S RICHEST NATIONAL FOREST! NORTHWEST NATIONAL PARK IS A FLAMING INFERNO! VOLUNTEERS IN THE AREA REPORT AT ONCE TO FOREST PATROL!



GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S THE AREA WE'VE BEEN PATROLLING!

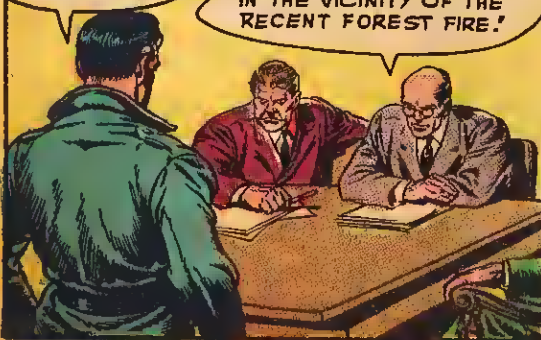
MON DIEU! BUT ZERE WAS NOT ZE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF SMOKE DURING OUR PATROL! EET HAS ONLY BEEN MINUTES SINCE WE ARE BACK!



A top-secret meeting in Washington...

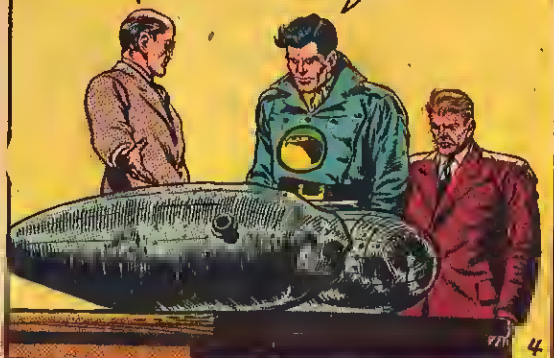
MAY I ASK THE OBJECT OF THIS MEETING, MR. SECRETARY?

IT'S A VERY SERIOUS MATTER, BLACKHAWK-VERY SERIOUS! I MUST ASK YOU TO IDENTIFY CERTAIN OBJECTS FOUND IN THE VICINITY OF THE RECENT FOREST FIRE!

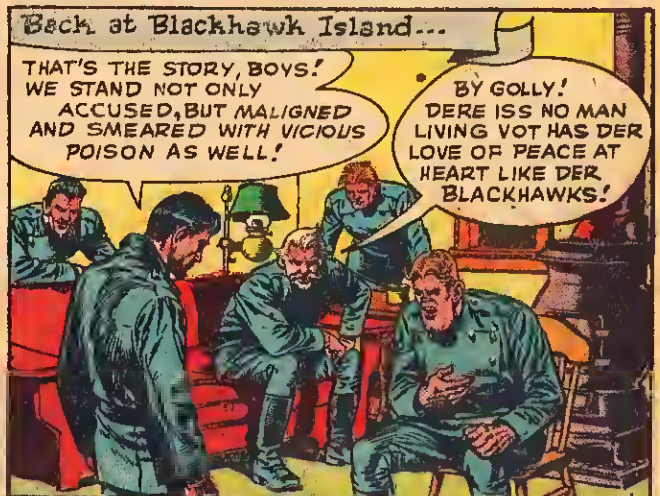
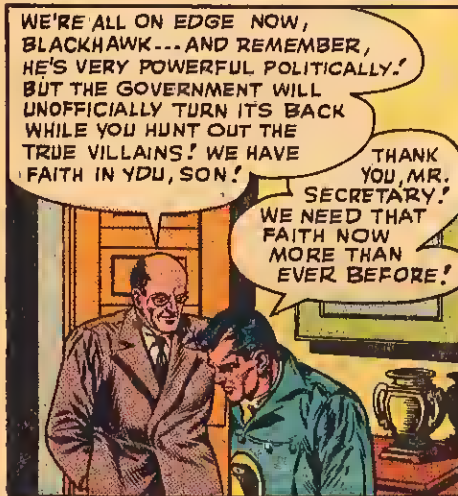
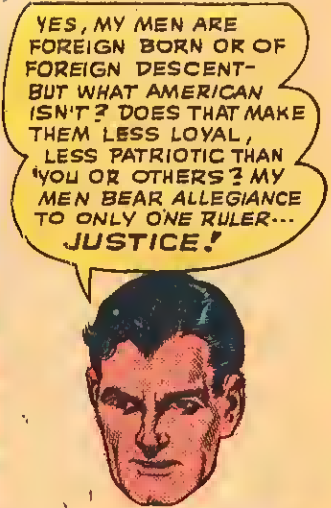
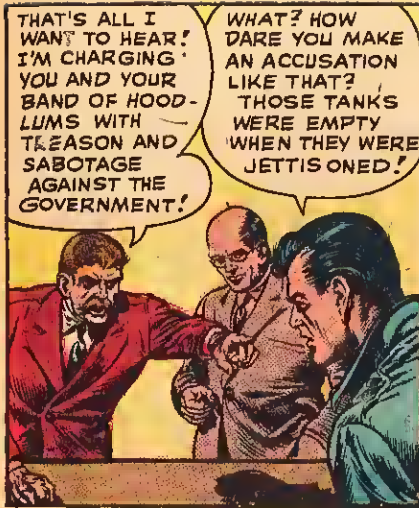


DO THESE ARTICLES LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU, BLACKHAWK?

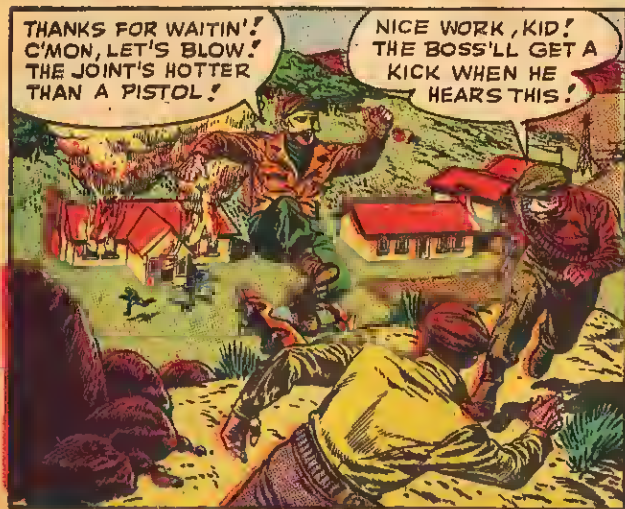
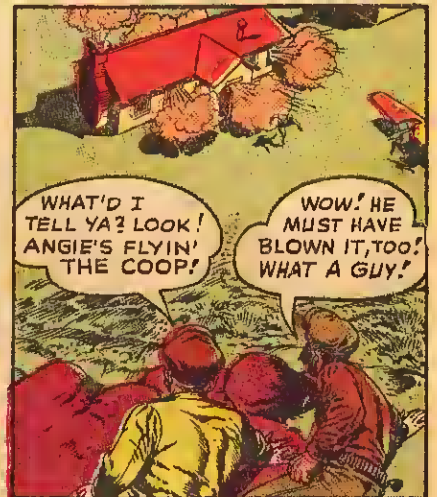
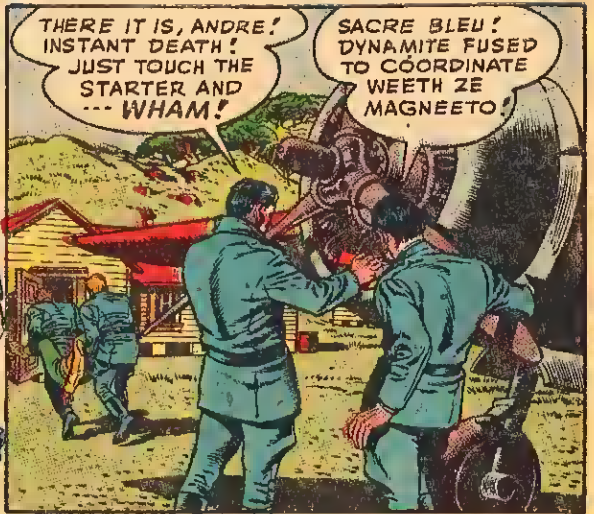
WH...? WHY CERTAINLY! THEY'RE BELLY TANKS FROM MY SQUADRON'S PLANES! WE USE A SPECIAL TYPE!



MODERN COMICS











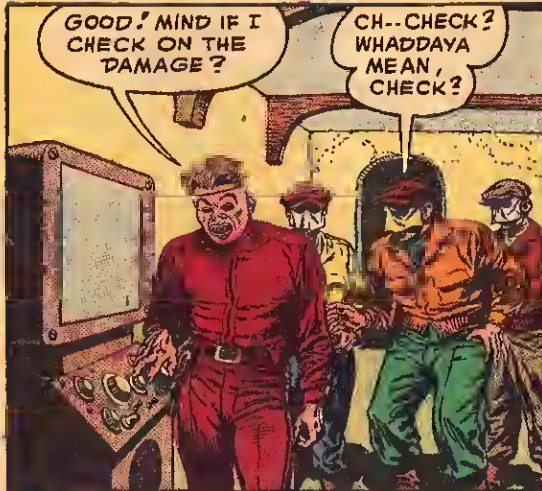
YEAH? IF I KNOW THE BOSS, WE'LL JUST GET A REAL ROUGH ASSIGNMENT NEXT TRIP!



I SURE CAN USE SOME! LET'S GO!



IT WAS A PANIC, NITRO! ANGIE FIXED DA SHIPS, GOT CAUGHT AND DEN BROKE AWAY AFTER BLASTIN' DA SHACK!



CH--CHECK? WHADDAYA MEAN, CHECK?



EH, BIEN, MES AMIS! TO ZE PLANES! WE WEEL LEAVE ZIS PEEG HERE TO COOL OFF A BIT! HE WEEL GET PLENTY OF HEAT WHEN WE RETURN!



WAIT, NITRO! H--HOW WUZ WE TO KNOW?



B-BLACKHAW...  
ARRRRGH!

7



DON'T TRY ANYTHING, BLACKHAWK! YOUR CUNNING IS OF LITTLE HELP NOW!

YOU WIN --- FOR THE TIME BEING, NITRO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE YET! TOO MANY QUESTIONS I WANT ANSWERED!



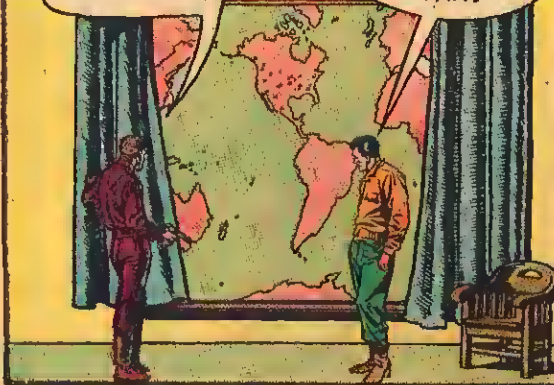
START ASKING! I DON'T MIND TELLING SECRETS TO DEAD MEN!

NO DOUBT YOURS IS THE TWISTED BRAIN BEHIND THE ATROCITIES BEING PERPETRATED IN THE COUNTRY! SO FAR, HOWEVER, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE A MOTIVE!



POWER! THAT'S MY MOTIVE, BLACKHAWK! AND MY OPERATIONS HAVE A PECULIAR PATTERN AND GOAL!

I DON'T SEE THE PATTERN IN THE HORROR YOU'VE CREATED SO FAR!



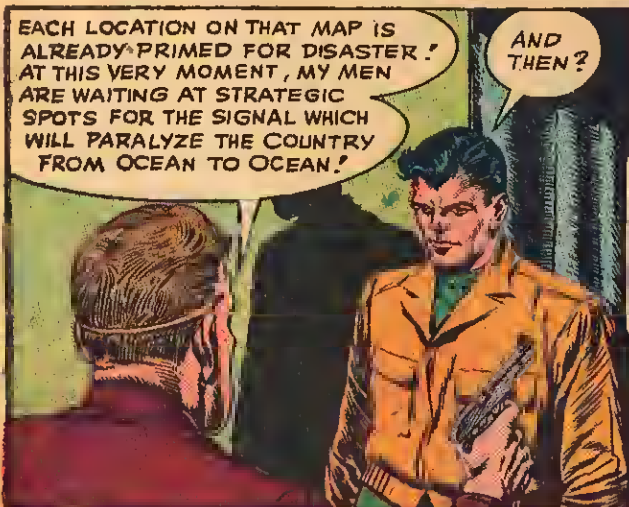
EACH PIN REPRESENTS SOME VITAL INDUSTRY, SOME PRECIOUS RESOURCE --- MINES, FACTORIES, MILLS, DAMS, MARSHALLING YARDS, AND SO FORTH! IS THE PATTERN CLARIFYING?

I THINK SO!



EACH LOCATION ON THAT MAP IS ALREADY PRIMED FOR DISASTER! AT THIS VERY MOMENT, MY MEN ARE WAITING AT STRATEGIC SPOTS FOR THE SIGNAL WHICH WILL PARALYZE THE COUNTRY FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN!

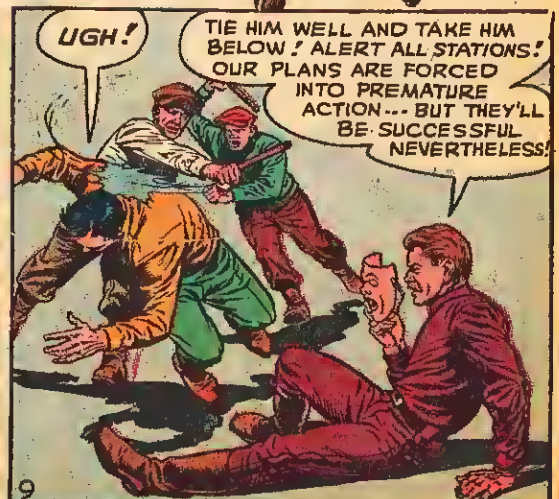
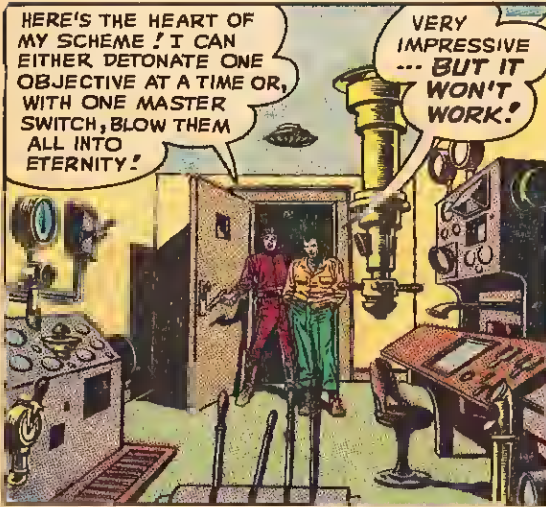
AND THEN?



AND THEN... I TAKE OVER! YES, I CONTROL INDUSTRY, COMMUNICATIONS, THE PRESS... EVERYTHING... EVEN LIFE ITSELF! THE COUNTRY WILL BE IN MY HANDS... AND, PERHAPS THE WORLD!









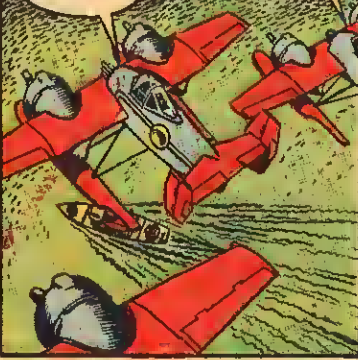
CALLING ALL LISTENING POSTS! ALL STATIONS! STAND BY FOR OPERATION CONQUEST! NOTIFY ALL HEADQUARTERS AND SUB-STATIONS TO BE READY FOR THE "TAKE OVER" SIGNAL!



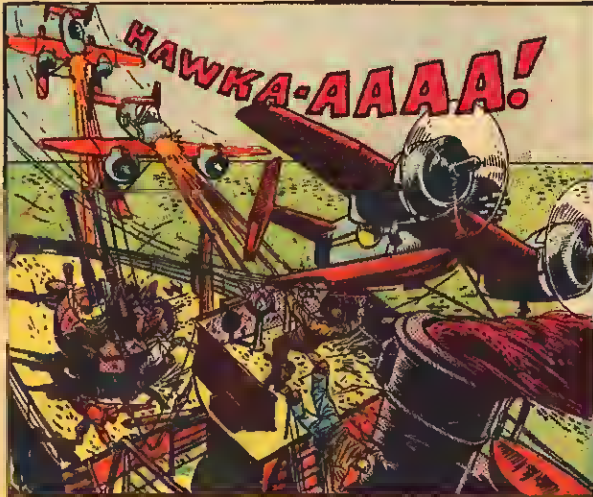
In the meantime.....

GARE! WHAT EES ZAT SUDDEN RUSH OF ACTIVITY ON ZE VESSEL BELOW?

LET'S DROP DOWN UND TAKE A LOOK!

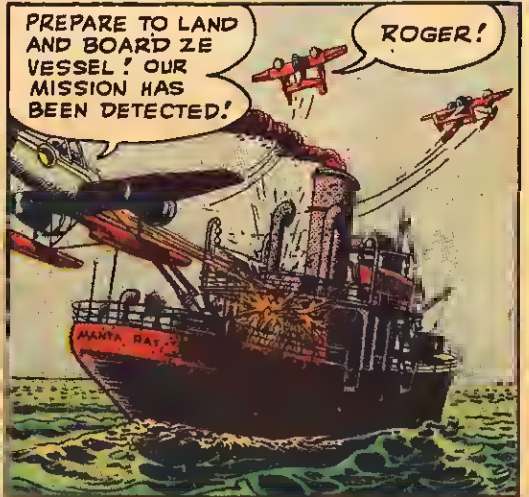


LE DIABLE! ZE DOGS ARE FIRING AT US! EN AVANT, MES AMIS! LET US RETURN ZE FIRE!



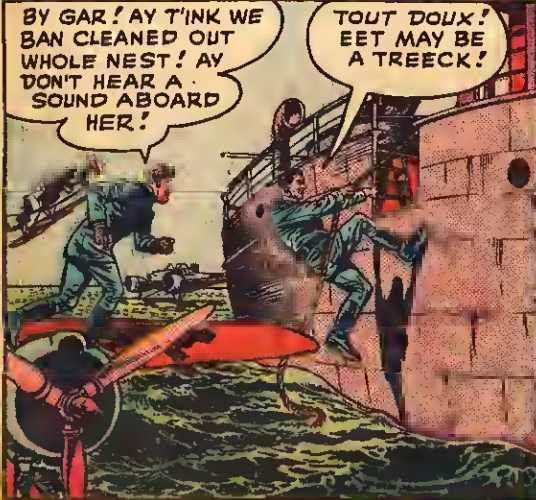
PREPARE TO LAND AND BOARD ZE VESSEL! OUR MISSION HAS BEEN DETECTED!

ROGER!



BY GAR! AY T'INK WE BAN CLEANED OUT WHOLE NEST! AY DON'T HEAR A SOUND ABOARD HER!

TOUT DOUX! EET MAY BE A TREECK!

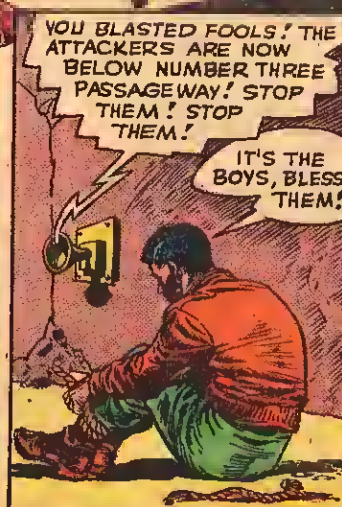
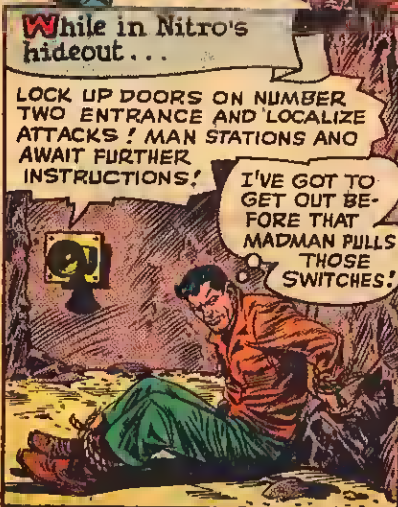
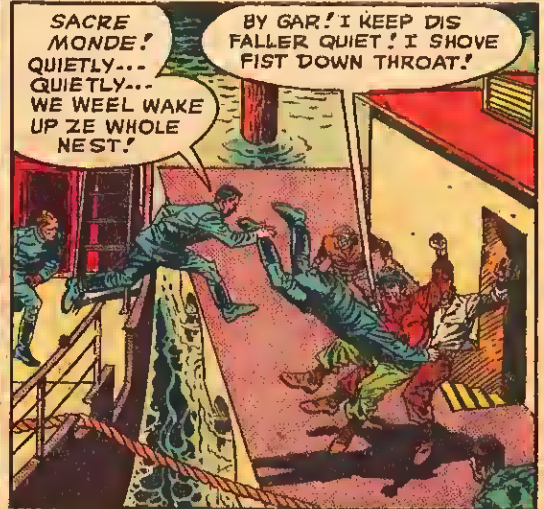
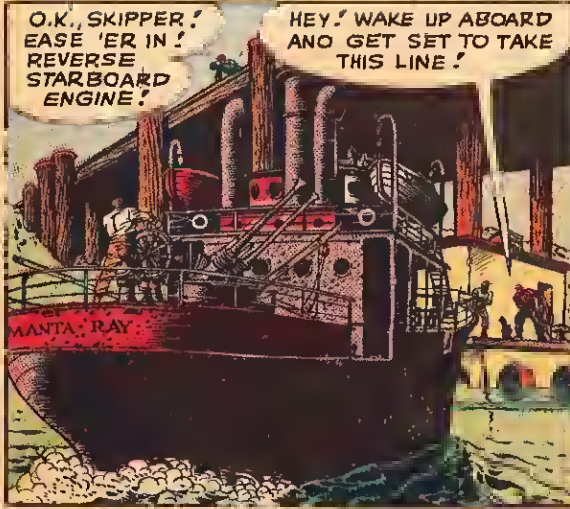


START MIT DER TALK, ELSE I SMASH DER REST OF YOU TO PIECES! WHO GIFFS YOU DER ORDERS?

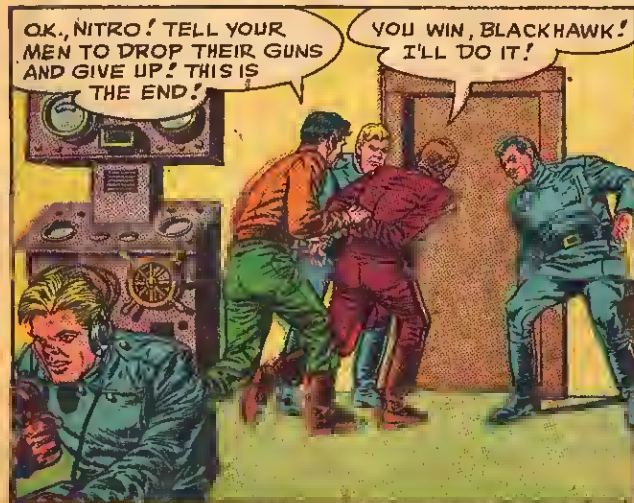
OHH... NITRO... GIVES ORDERS! TAKE WHEEL! I'LL GIVE DIRECTIONS!



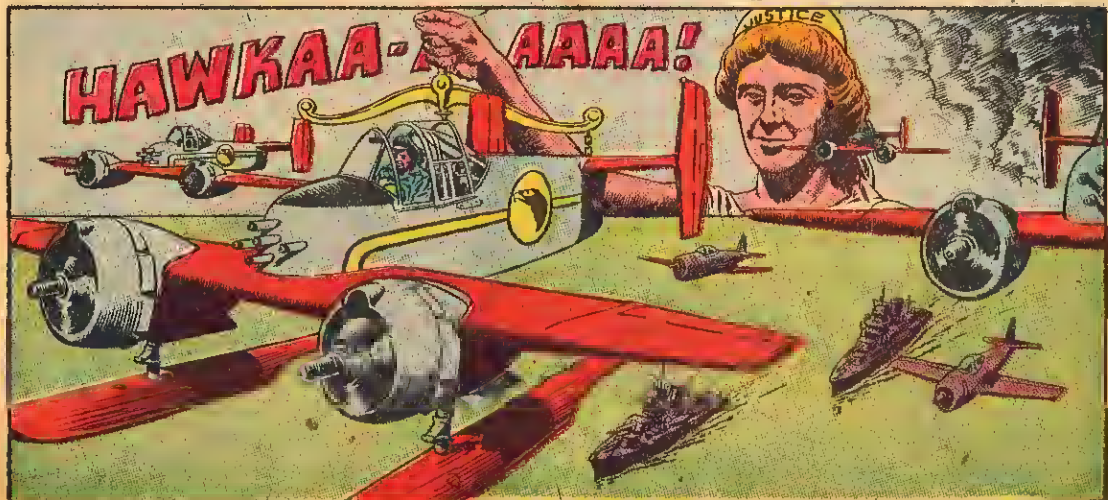
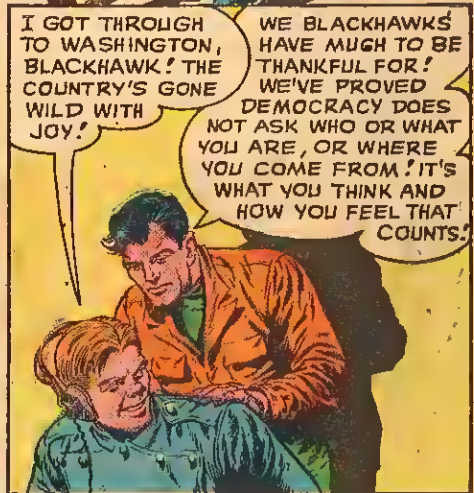
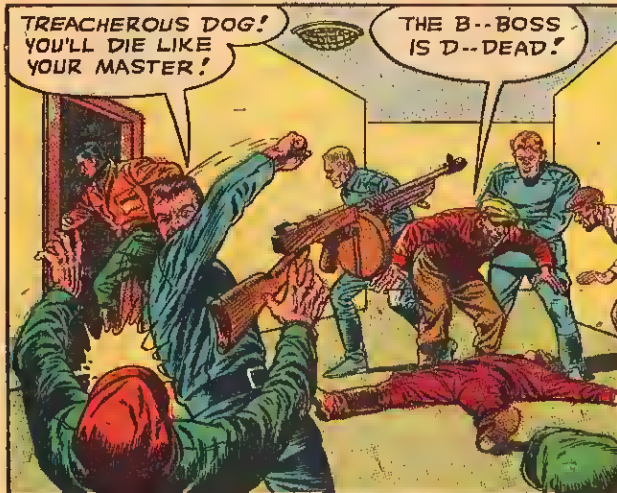










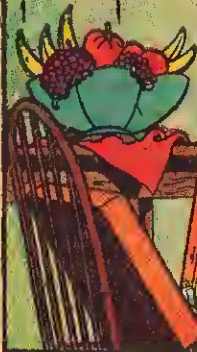




# TORCHY

SUCH CURVES!  
SUCH LINES! HOW  
EXQUISITE!

SUCH APPRECIATION  
FROM THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST ARTISTS!  
HOW WONDERFUL!



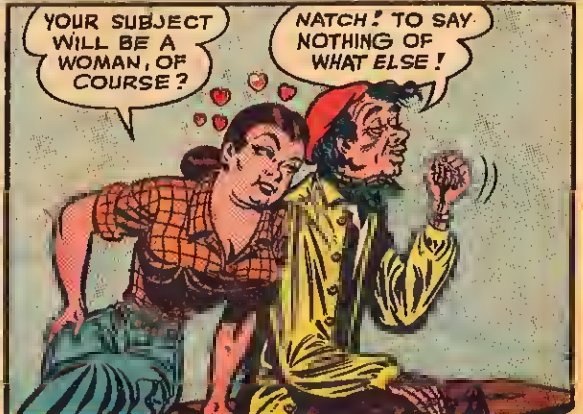
In the studio of Crockwell Trent...

PAMELA, IT HAS COME TO  
ME! I FEEL THE INSPIRATION  
IN MY BONES! I AM READY  
TO PAINT MY MASTERPIECE!

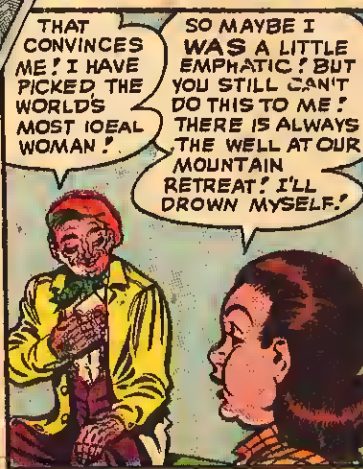
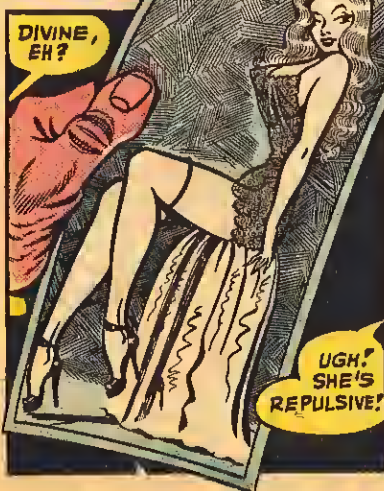
OH, CROCKWELL,  
HOW WONDER-  
FUL! I KNEW  
THE TIME  
WOULD COME!

YOUR SUBJECT  
WILL BE A  
WOMAN, OF  
COURSE?

NATCH! TO SAY  
NOTHING OF  
WHAT ELSE!









GOODNESS! I'M ALMOST LATE FOR MY APPOINTMENT AT THE LEGGART AGENCY! AND AFTER BEING CHOSEN FROM AMONG ALL THOSE APPLICANTS TO BE THE MODEL FOR CROCKWELL TRENT'S MASTERPIECE!



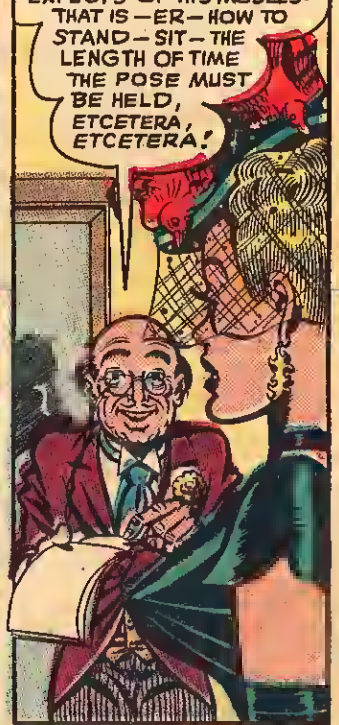
MISS TODD... DEAR MISS TODD... I'VE BEEN DYING... BUT SIMPLY DYING A THOUSAND DEATHS WAITING FOR YOU!

I—I'M SORRY I'M A LITTLE LATE!

LEGGART MODEL AGENCY



NO APOLOGIES ARE NECESSARY, DEAR MISS TODD! I SIMPLY WANT TO GIVE YOU A FEW INSTRUCTIONS CONCERNING THE THINGS MR. TRENT EXPECTS OF HIS MODELS— THAT IS—ER—HOW TO STAND—SIT—THE LENGTH OF TIME THE POSE MUST BE HELD, ETCETERA, ETCETERA!

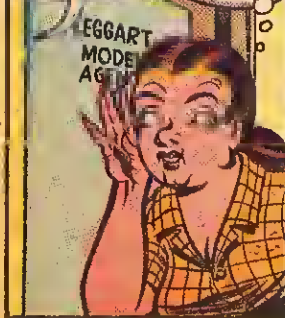


MR. TRENT SENT ME FOR MISS TODD! I'LL TAKE HER TO HIM, FOTHERINGILL!

AHEM... REALLY, MISS LESBERTON I KNOW YOU'RE MR. TRENT'S TRUSTED AIDE, SO TO SPEAK, BUT I HADN'T FINISHED BRIEFING MISS TODD!

THEN I WILL GIVE YOU MR. TRENT'S ADDRESS AND YOU CAN GO THERE TO BE IMMORTALIZED!

I CAN'T WAIT WHILE THAT IDIOT WASTES TIME! CROCKWELL MAY BECOME IMPATIENT AND COME HERE HIMSELF!

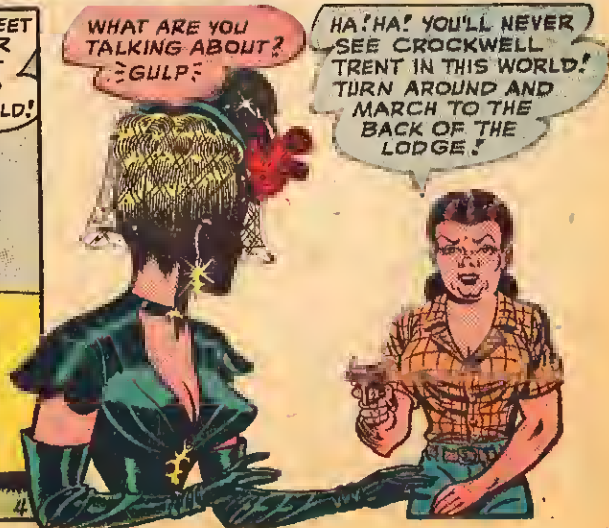
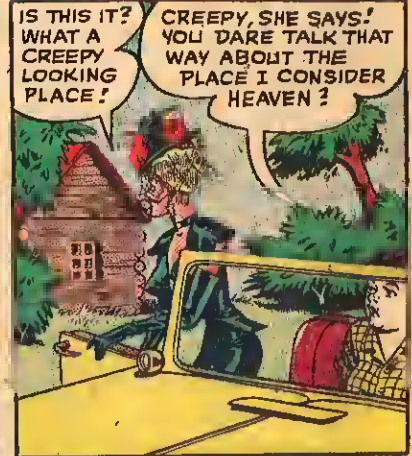
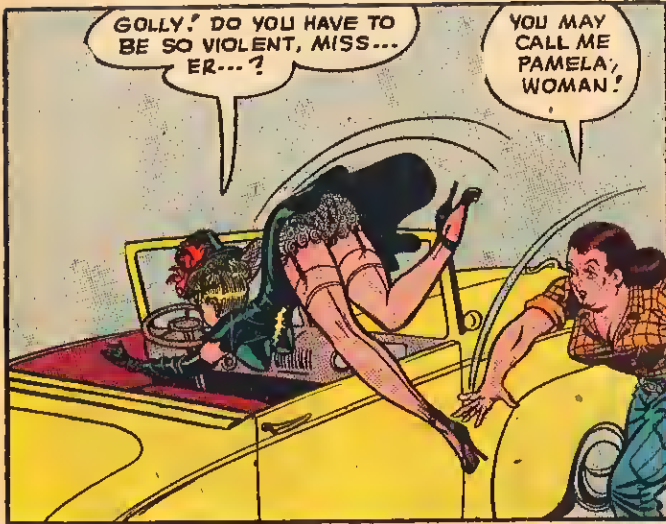


I'LL BRIEF HER ON THE WAY OVER, DUCKY! COME ON, MISS TODD!

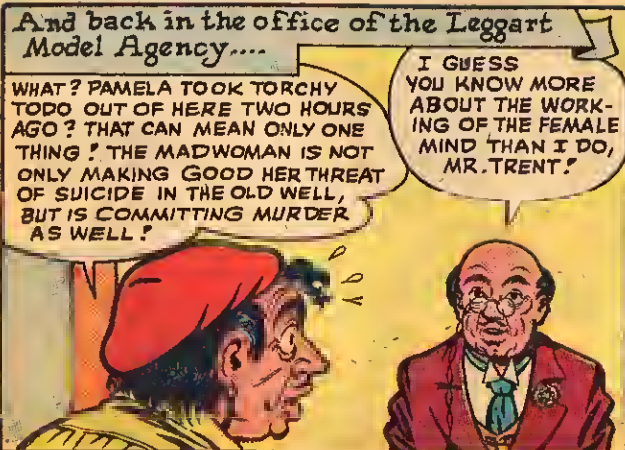
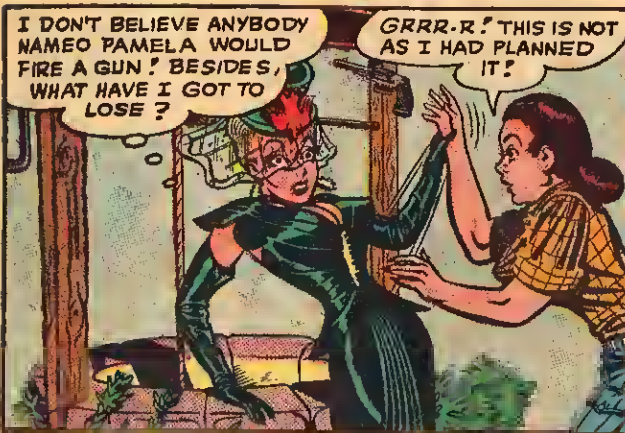
GULP! COMING!











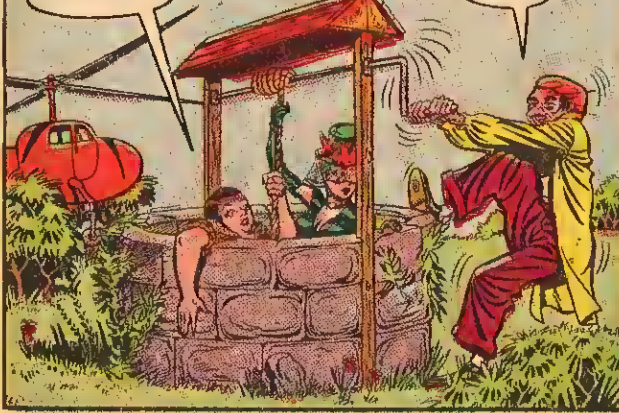


OH, CROCKWELL, YOU DO LOVE ME AFTER ALL! YOU'RE SAVING MY LIFE!

SHEER COINCIDENCE, PAMELA! YOU HAPPEN TO BE CLINGING TO THE ROPE, TOO!

YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH QUITE AN ORDEAL, MISS TODD! BUT NOTHING IS WORTHWHILE THAT'S COME BY EASILY AND, AFTER ALL, YOU ARE GOING TO BE THE MODEL FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST MASTER-PIECE!

SURE! WHAT'S NEARLY DROWNING COMPARED WITH THAT?



AS FOR YOU, YOU FIEND—YOU CAN DRIVE HOME IN THE CAR! NO HELICOPTER RIDE FOR YOU!

SNIFF!

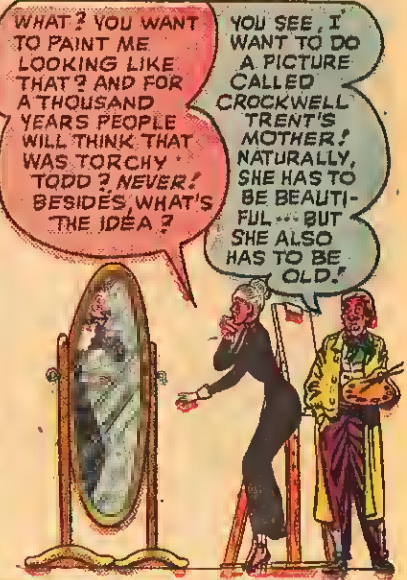
At the studio...

THERE! A FEW MORE TOUCHES AND YOU'LL BE JUST THE MODEL I WANT FOR MY MASTERPIECE! WANT TO LOOK IN THE MIRROR?

YES, I GUESS SO!

WHAT? YOU WANT TO PAINT ME LOOKING LIKE THAT? AND FOR A THOUSAND YEARS PEOPLE WILL THINK THAT WAS TORCHY TODD? NEVER! BESIDES, WHAT'S THE IDEA?

YOU SEE, I WANT TO DO A PICTURE CALLED CROCKWELL TRENT'S MOTHER! NATURALLY, SHE HAS TO BE BEAUTIFUL... BUT SHE ALSO HAS TO BE OLD!

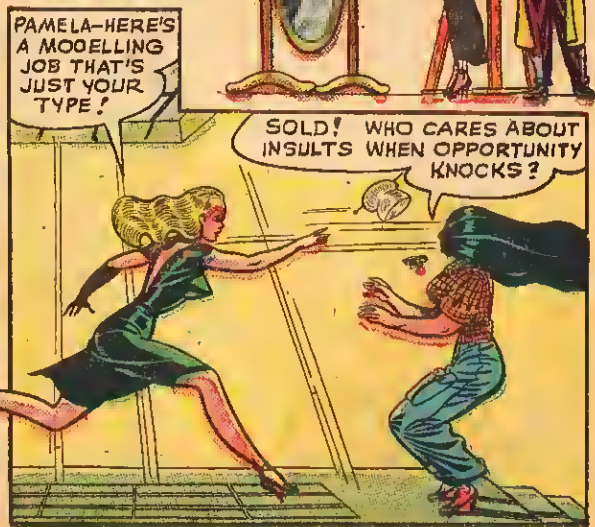
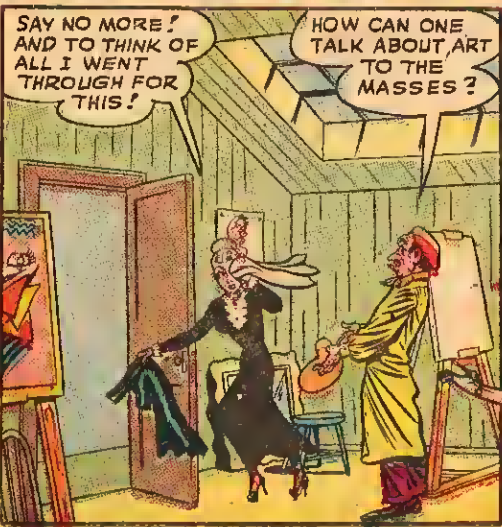


SAY NO MORE! AND TO THINK OF ALL I WENT THROUGH FOR THIS!

HOW CAN ONE TALK ABOUT ART TO THE MASSES?

PAMELA—HERE'S A MODELLING JOB THAT'S JUST YOUR TYPE!

SOLD! WHO CARES ABOUT INSULTS WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS?

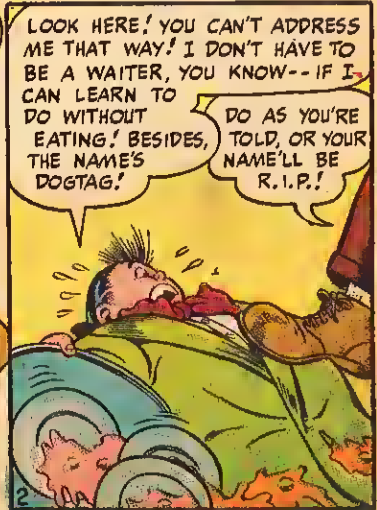
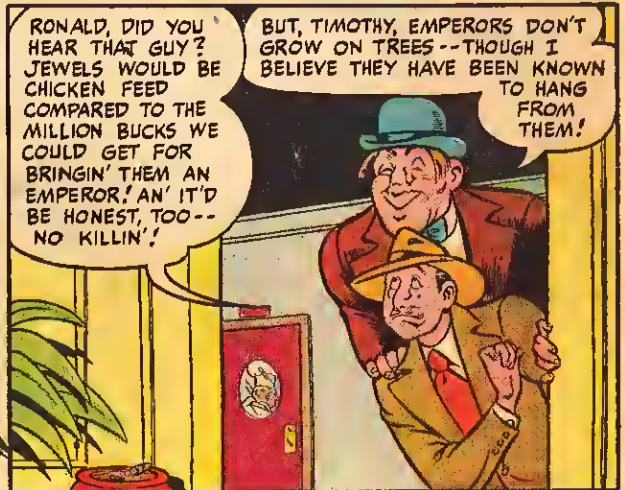
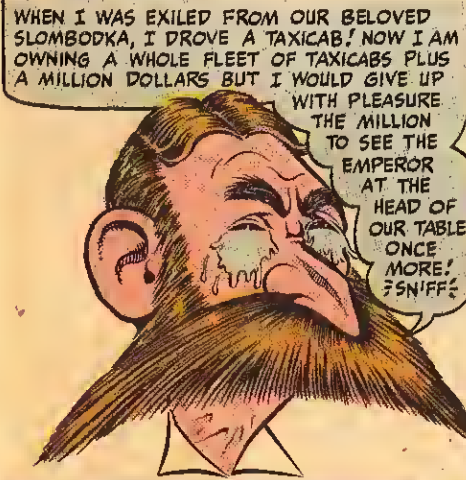
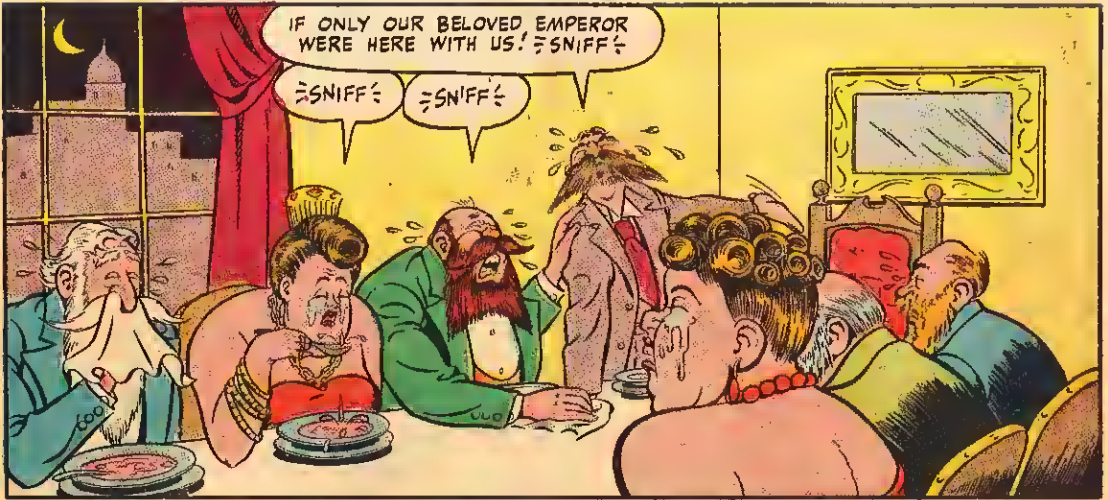




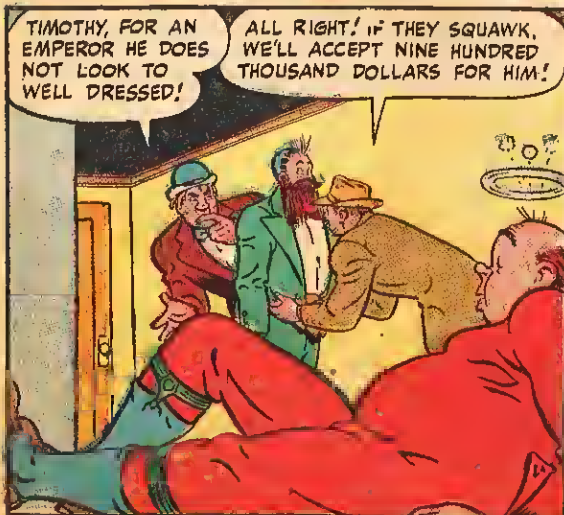
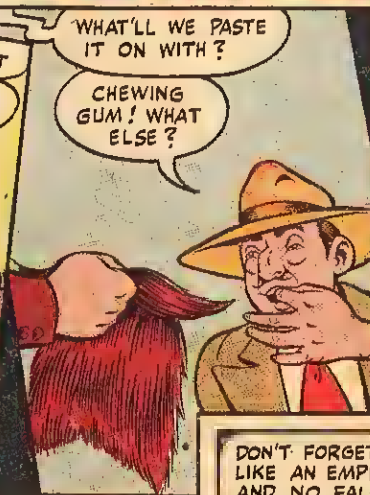
# DOGTAG



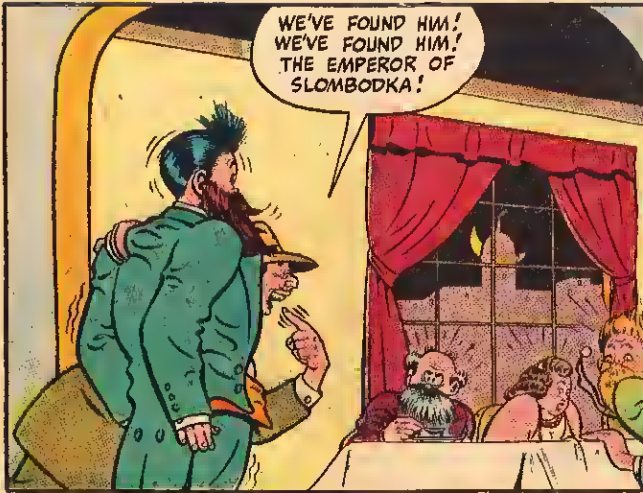




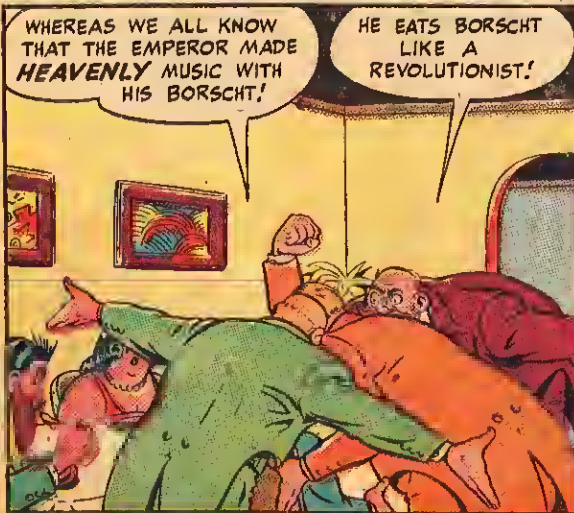
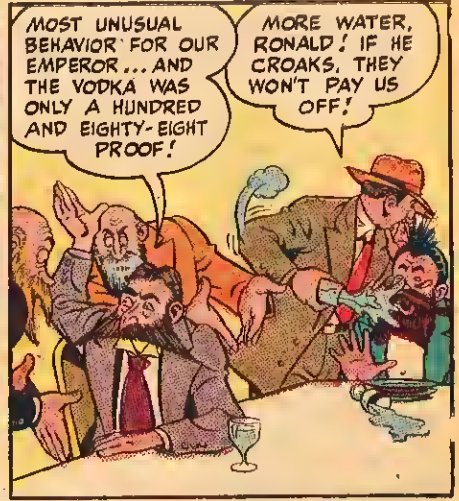










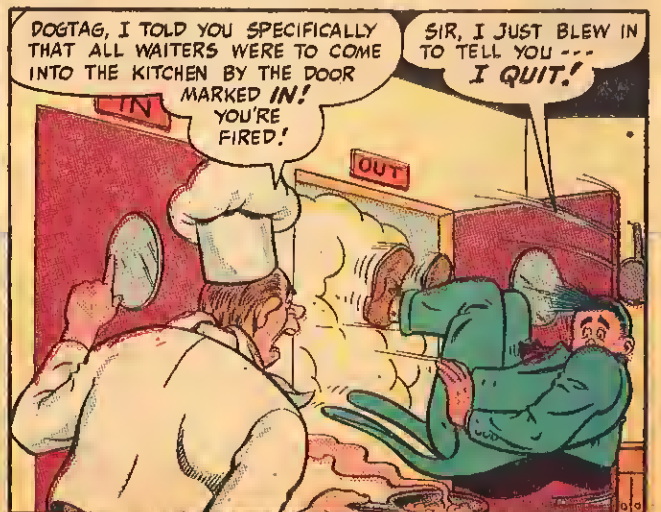
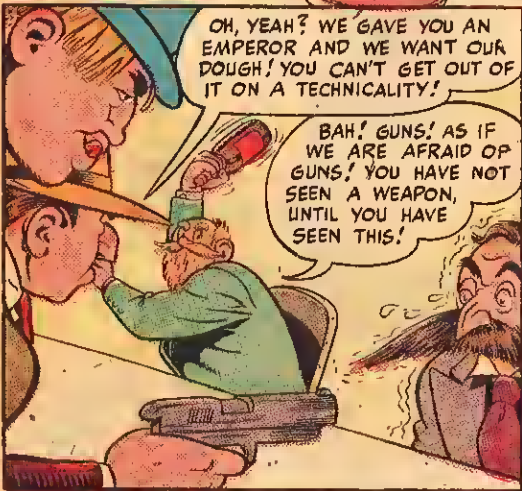




MODERN COMICS



YAWP! IT IS THERE -- IN THE BORSCHT!





MODERN COMICS

# Will Bragg?



HIYA, ED! GOING TO  
THE OPENING OF THE  
CIRCUS TOMORROW?

THAT ALL  
DEPENDS  
ON WHETHER  
I'M HERE!  
NOW, QUIT  
DISTRACTING  
ME---BEAT  
IT!



HUH? WHAT  
ARE YOU  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE---A  
VIGILANTE?

NO! I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR A  
CAT...  
SAME AS  
EVERYONE  
ELSE!

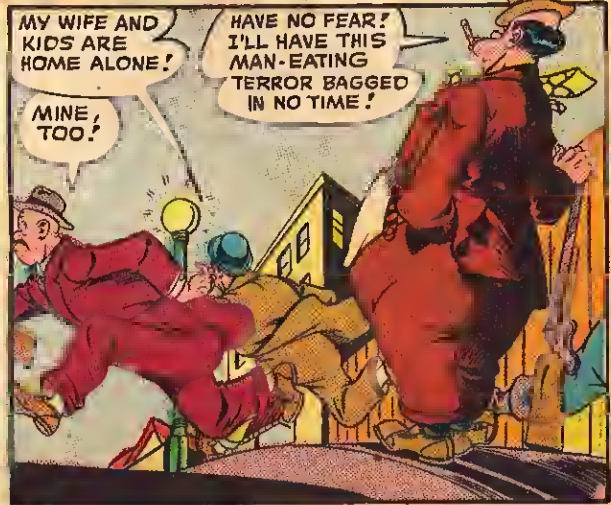
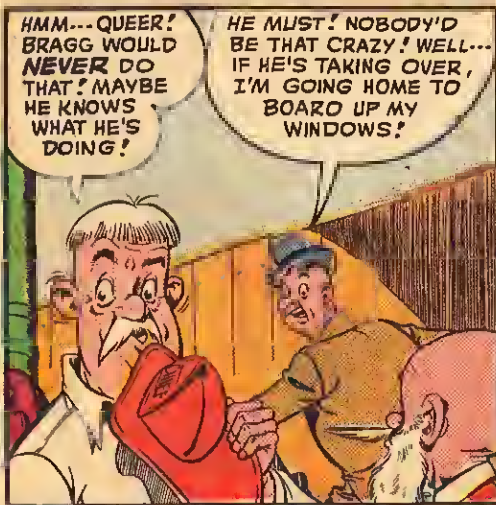
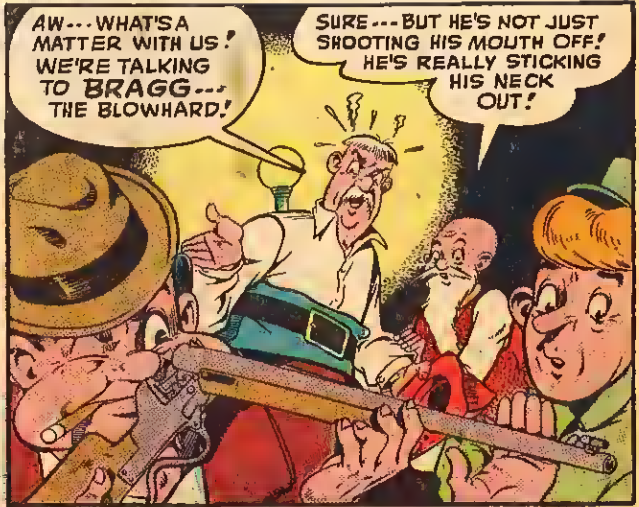


HO-HO!  
HA-HA!  
MEEOW!



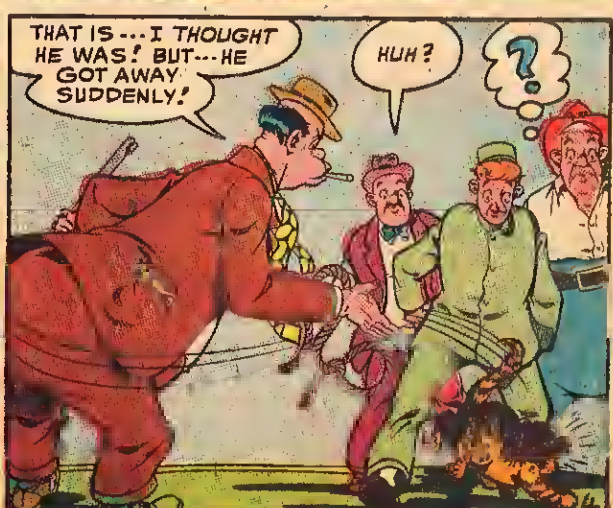
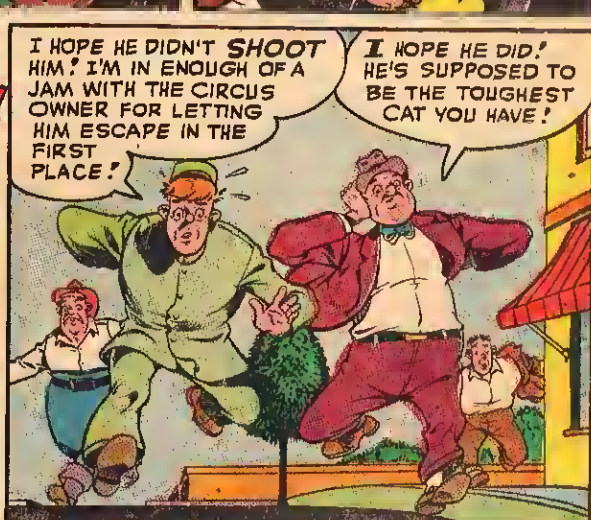
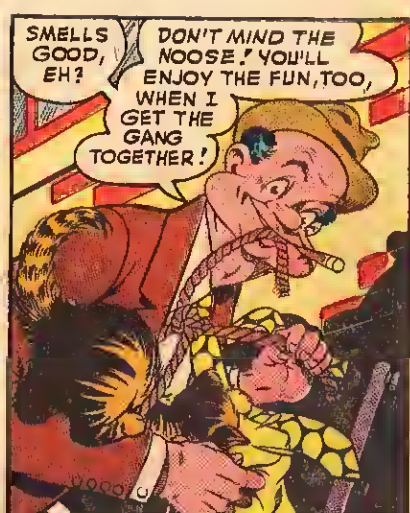




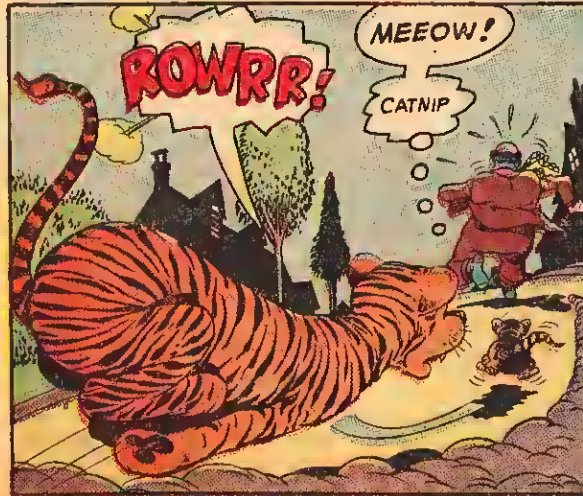
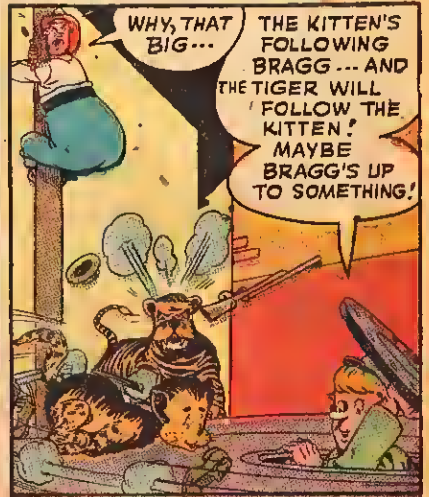
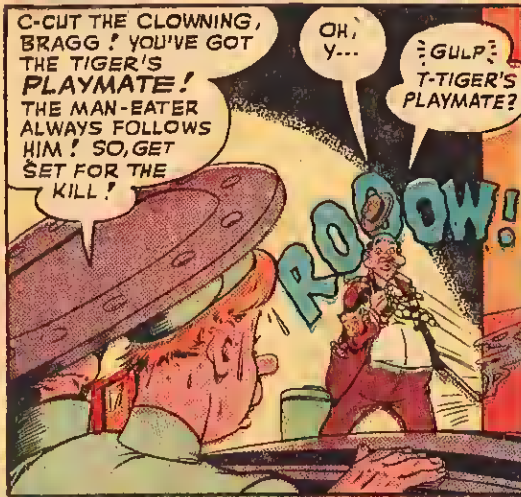




MODERN COMICS

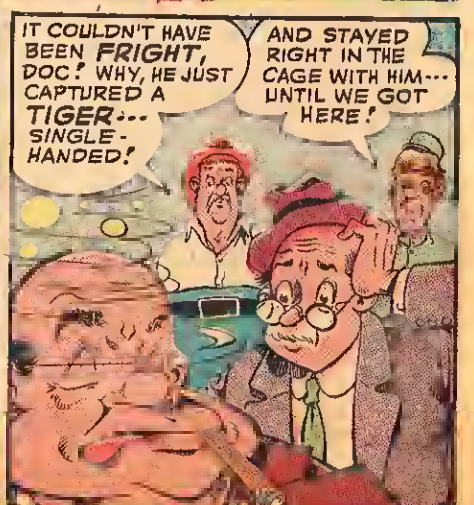
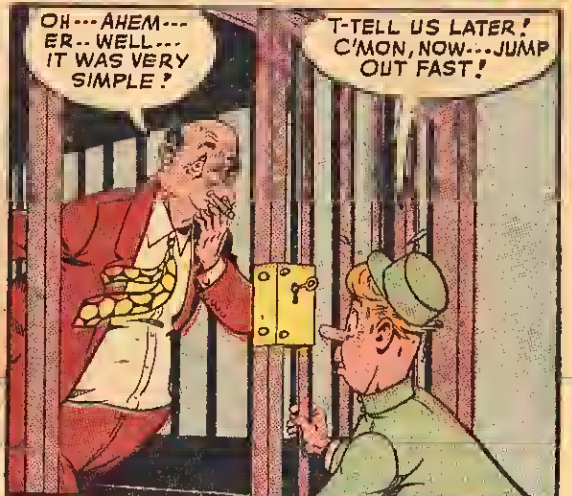
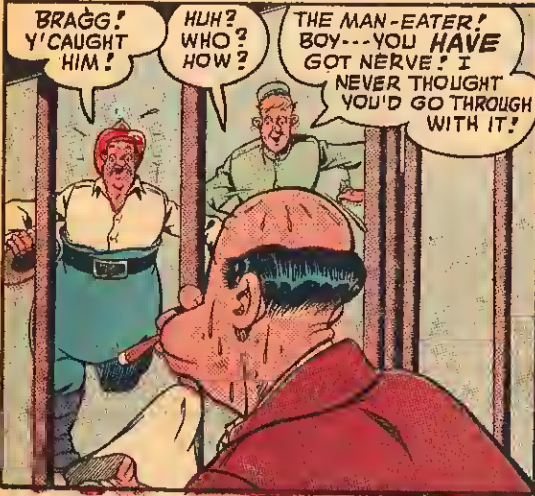




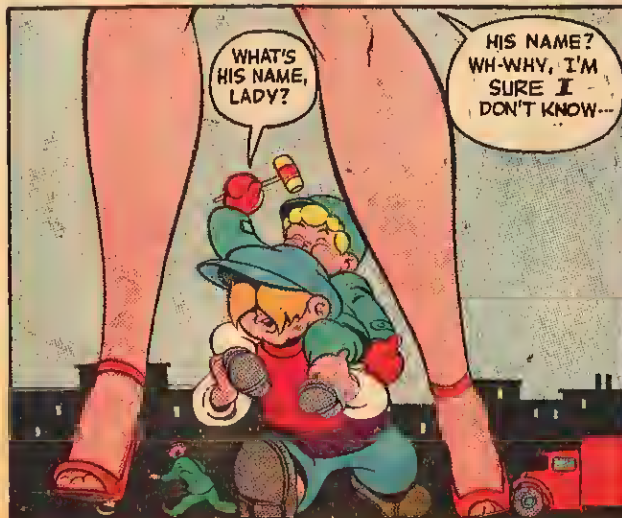
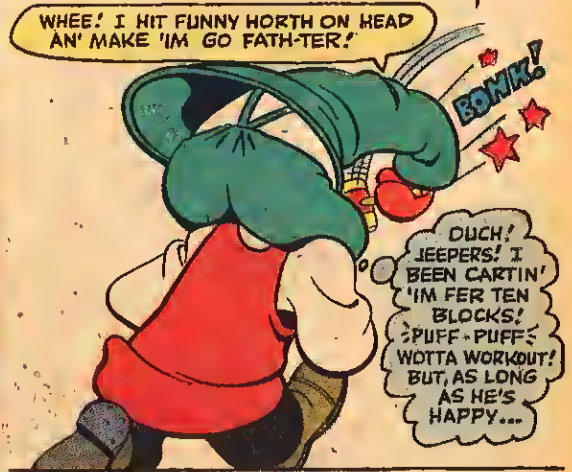
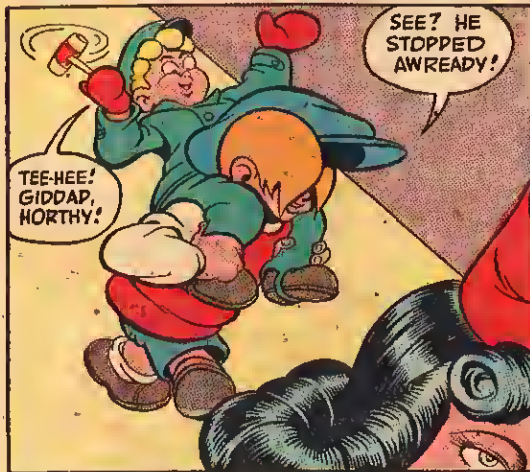
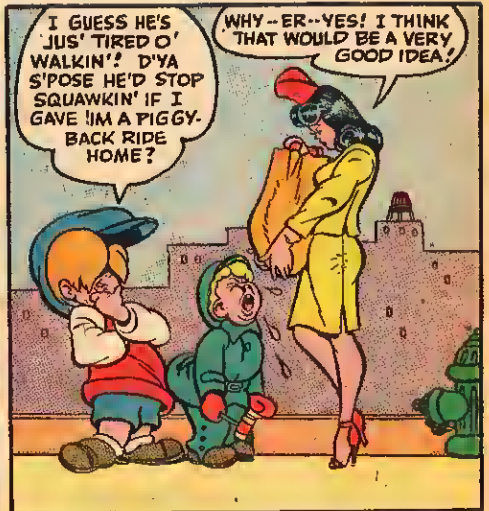
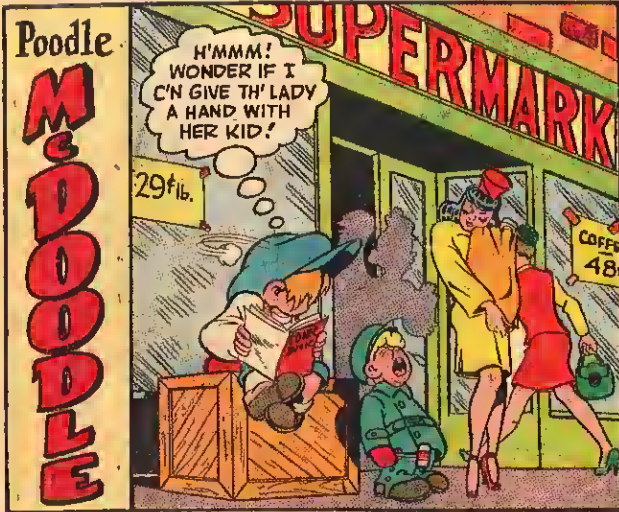




MODERN COMICS





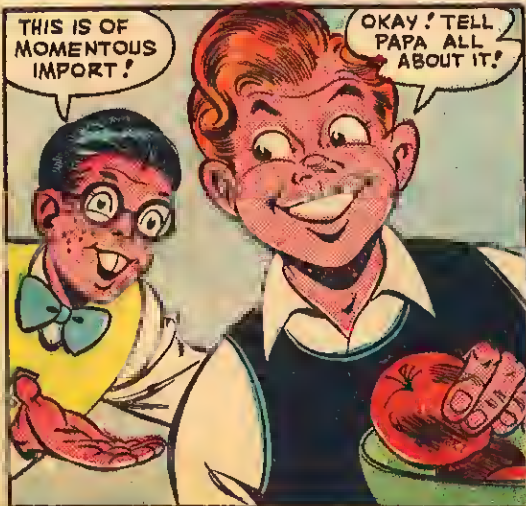
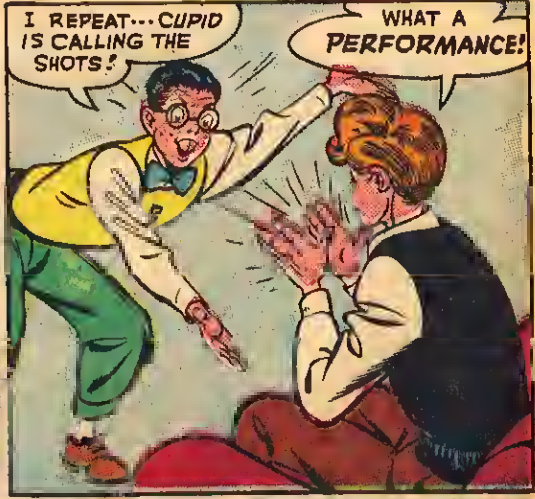
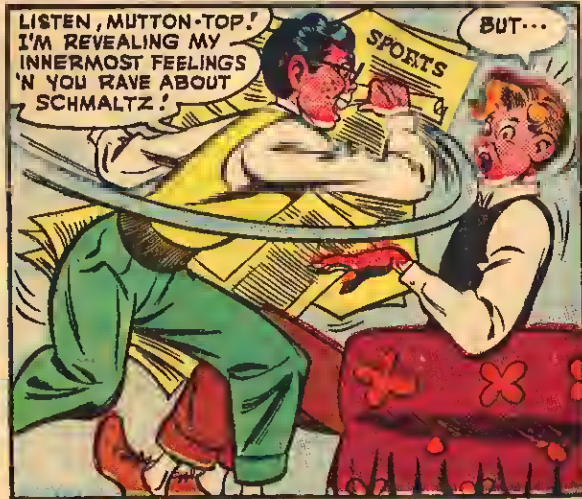
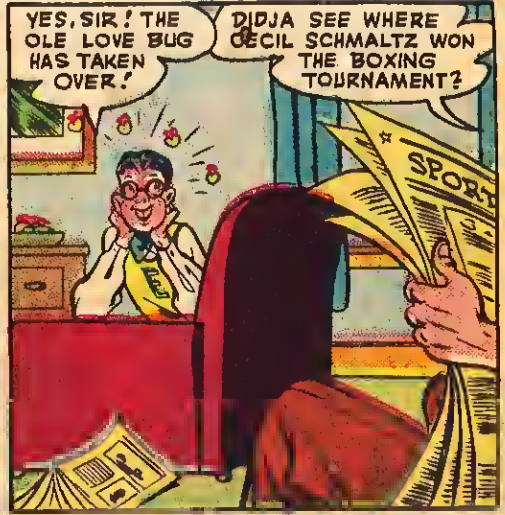
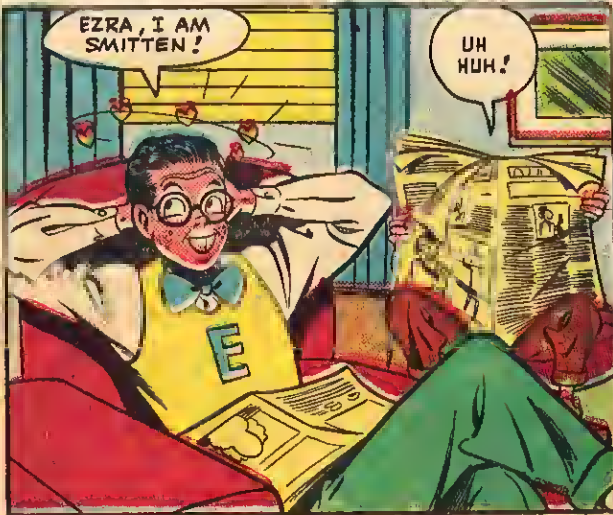




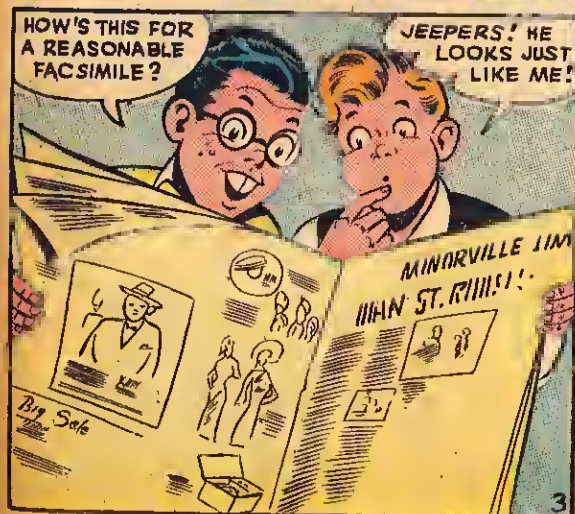
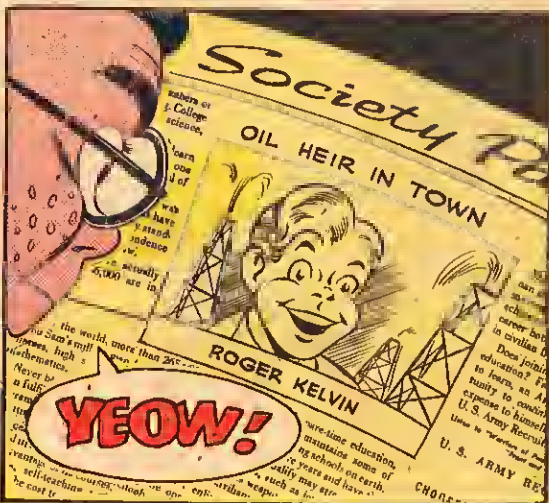
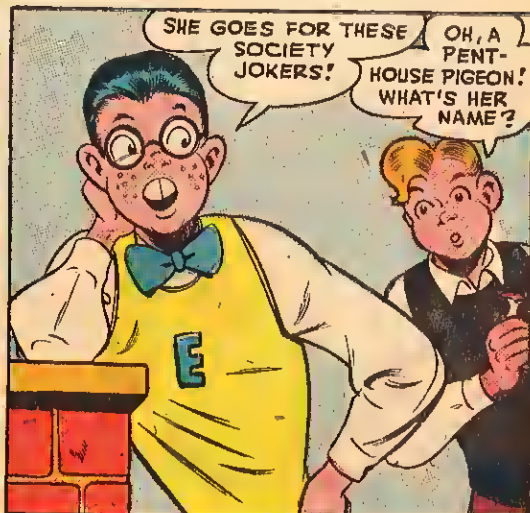
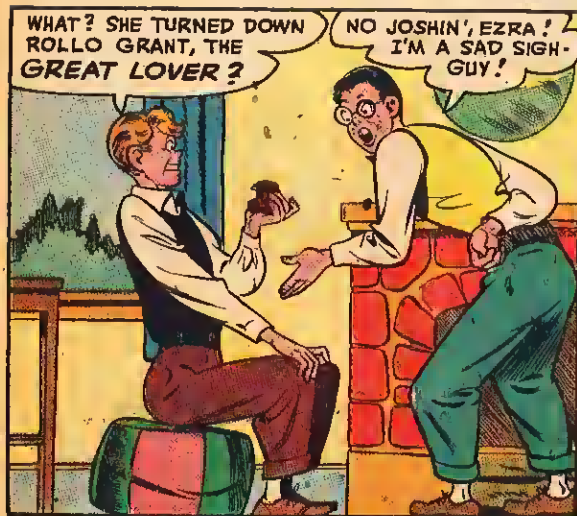
# EZRA

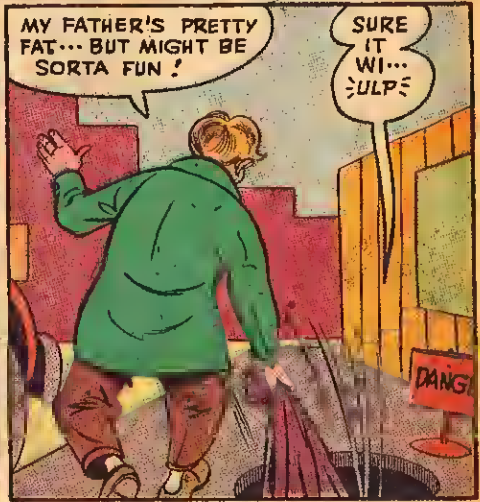
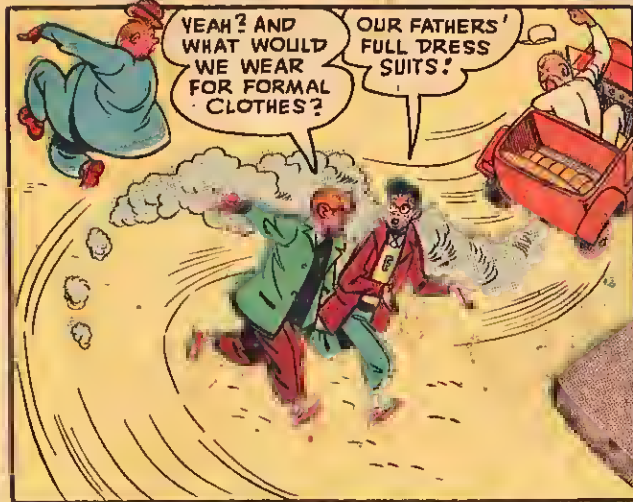
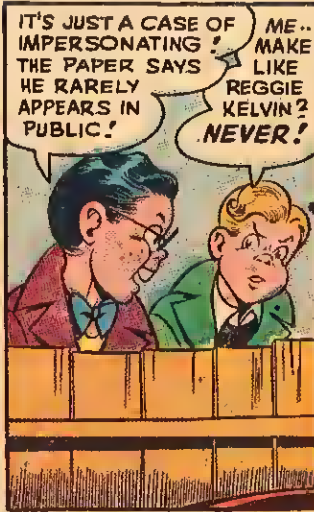
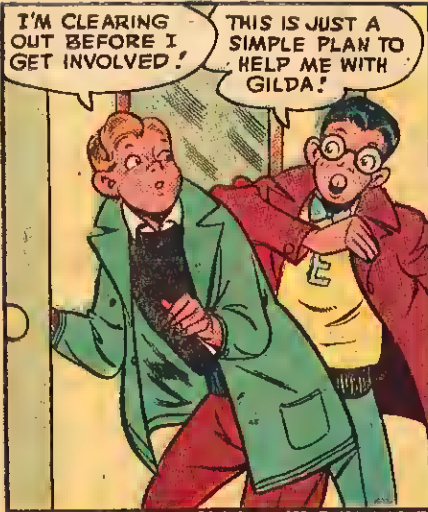
HONEST, GILDA,  
GUYS LIKE ME ARE  
FEW AND FAR  
BETWEEN!



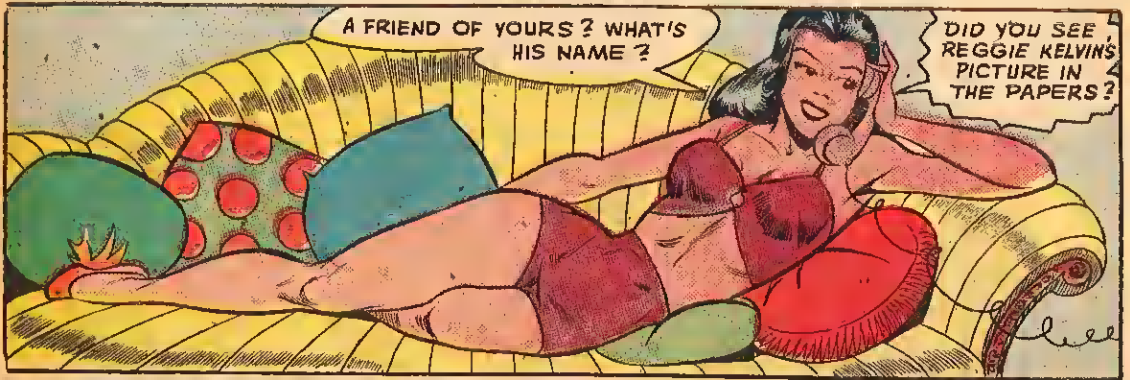






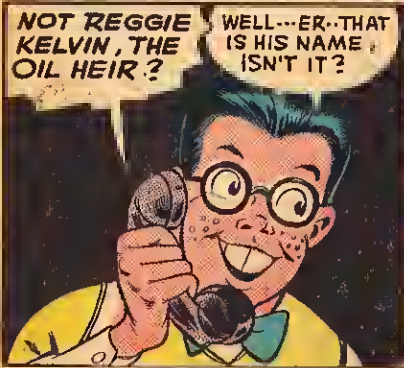






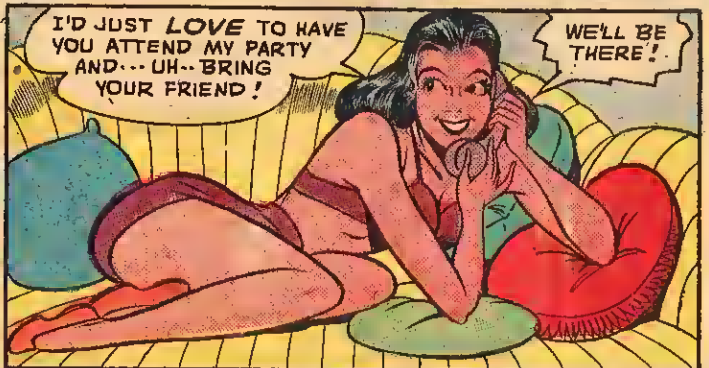
A FRIEND OF YOURS? WHAT'S HIS NAME?

DID YOU SEE REGGIE KELVIN'S PICTURE IN THE PAPERS?



NOT REGGIE KELVIN, THE OIL HEIR?

WELL...ER...THAT IS HIS NAME, ISN'T IT?



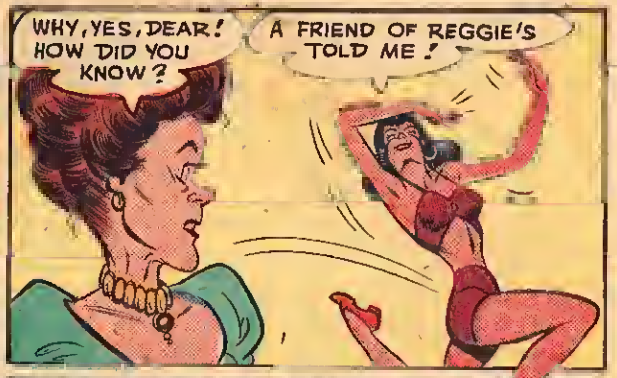
I'D JUST LOVE TO HAVE YOU ATTEND MY PARTY AND...UH...BRING YOUR FRIEND!

WE'LL BE THERE!



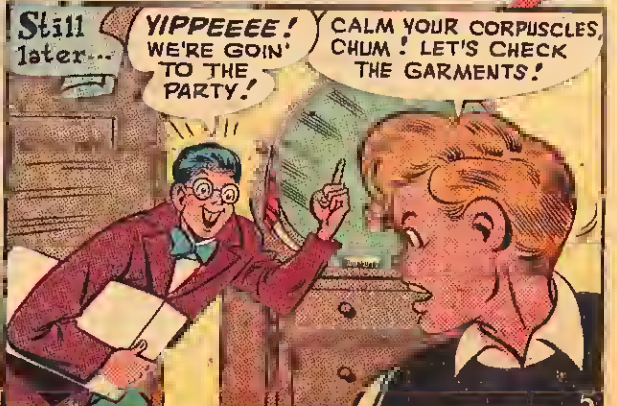
I'VE INVITED A SURPRISE GUEST TO YOUR PARTY, MY DEAR!

NOTHING COULD SURPRISE ME NOW, MOTHER! REGGIE KELVIN IS COMING!



WHY, YES, DEAR! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

A FRIEND OF REGGIE'S TOLD ME!

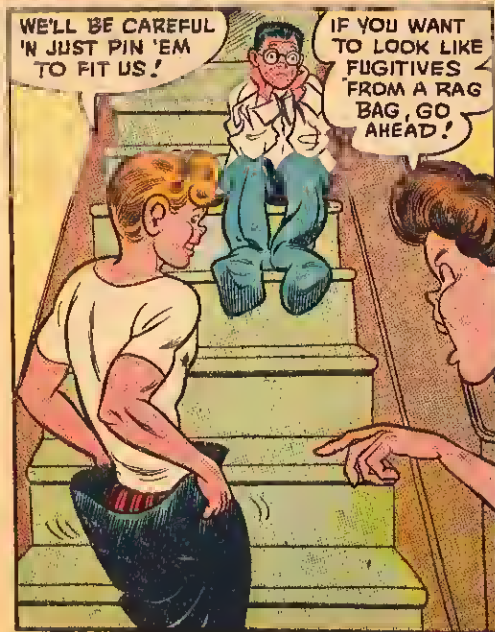
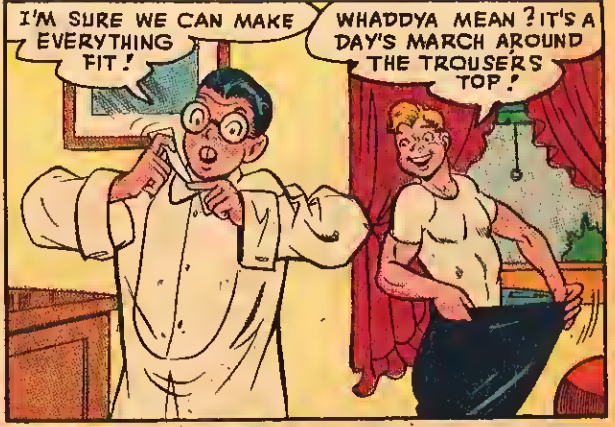
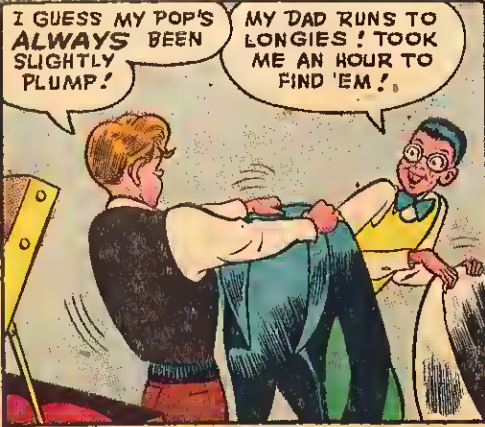


Still later...

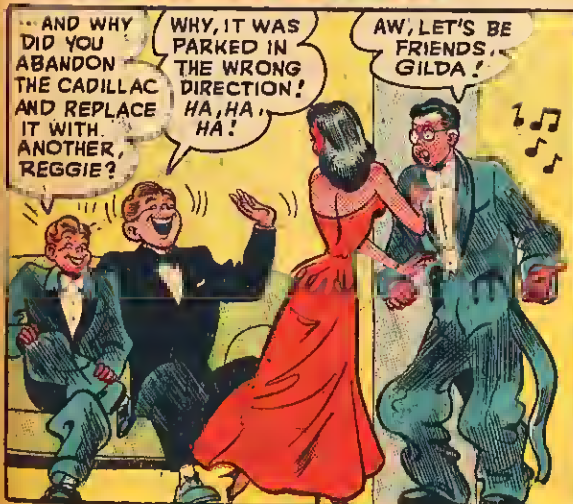
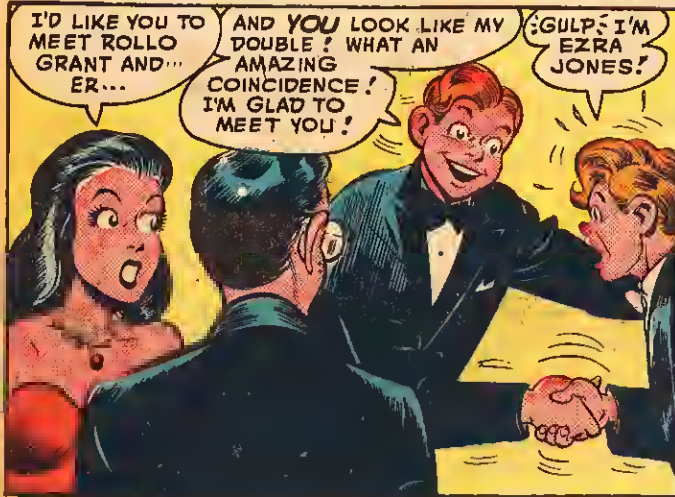
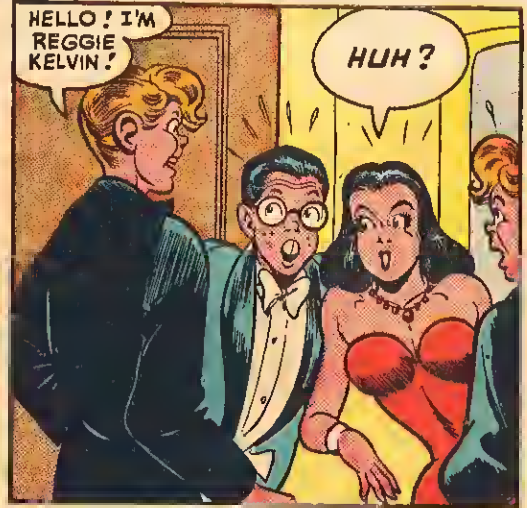
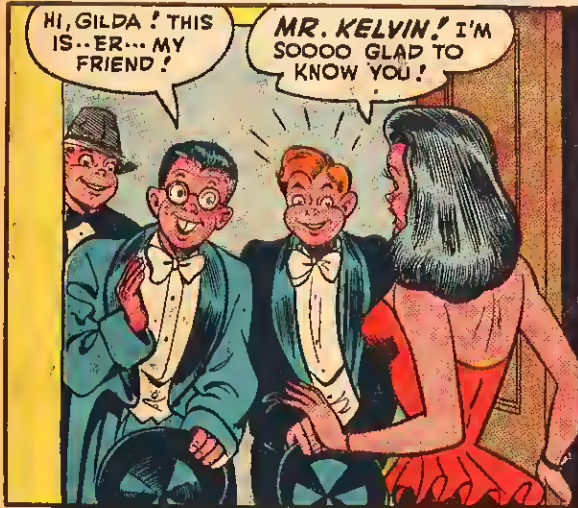
YIPPEEE! WE'RE GOIN' TO THE PARTY!

CALM YOUR CORPUSCLES, CHUM! LET'S CHECK THE GARMENTS!









# The RED BALLOON

If Rocky Romono had any ethics, nobody knew about it. Much less Rocky. He played for high stakes and anything went. Even murder.

If Rocky had never actually murdered anyone, he at least bragged about several killings. He was a convincing braggart. The element he associated with always listened when Rocky spoke.

He was saying now, "You guys ain't got the right idea. This here small time pickin's is no good. What you want is to get into the big rackets. That's where the pay-off is. Now I got me a big idea."

Rocky's pause was dramatic if not artistic. His listeners were so rapt that they let the pause grow longer than was necessary. Then one of them woke up.

"Hulla gee, Rocky! Let us in on this here big idee!"

Rocky grinned knowingly. "Don't get in a rush, boys. You ain't heard nothin' yet. An' I don't know how many of you guys I can trust."

There was a chorus of avowals of trust and allegiance. But Rocky wasn't in a hurry.

"Take it easy, lads," he told them. "When I spring this your eyes'll pop out to there!"

"Bank?" said one of them.

Rocky shook his head.

"A payroll?" said another.

"Chicken feed," snorted Rocky.

"I dunno then," said one of the tough mugs.

Rocky nodded. "Didn't think so. So here it is: I'm plannin' to steal the A-bomb secret plans!"

"Yer crazy!" someone said.

"The whole Army is guardin' them plans," offered another.

"I fixed my plans because of those things. I got everything cased an' know just where I stand. Who's in on this with me?"

Someone said, weakly, "I guess I'll string along, Rocky."

A faint chorus of approval followed.

"Swell," said Rocky. "Now listen and I'll tell you how we're gonna get the plans." For a half hour Rocky talked.

"But who's gonna do the work inside?" asked one of the toughs. "None of us can get in there."

"That's easy. You guys don't know him, but

I got a kind of pal in that big building. Works in the weather department—they make tests every day for testing the wind. He'll do what I say—he has to."

Three days later, at nine o'clock in the morning, the weather department of the Aristal Aircraft Company began sending up test balloons. It was a usual daily occurrence. They used different colored balloons. This day several greens and yellows floated into the quiet warm air. Then a red one went up. It was a trifle larger than the others.

At about the same time a speedy airplane took off from an airport a few miles away and headed toward the Aristal plant. It came on in a straight line.

Meanwhile, the red balloon had got away and now floated free, making speed upwards. This often happened, so no one thought anything of it. At two thousand feet altitude it was invisible. At four thousand, a few persons saw a fast plane skimming over a field near the plant. It didn't slow down. After a moment it vanished toward the south.

Had anyone known what that plane had taken aboard by a tricky device, the entire country would have been thrown into confusion. In fact, confusion came a few hours later when it was discovered that the secret plans of the A-bomb were gone from the Aristal vault.

It couldn't be, said the officials. It was impossible for anyone to get in the vault. Except for plans and other valuable secret material, nothing was kept there but—Ah, yes, but! A certain secret weather testing device was kept there, and taken out every other day or so. It had been removed the day the red balloon had vanished, the day the fast plane had roared over the plant.

But nobody connected these things until several days later.

The call came to Blackbawk Island about this time. There was little the mainland officials could tell Blackhawk and his pals—those invincible falcons of the skies who brought doom to so many criminals and underhand schemes.

"Here are the facts, boys," said Blackhawk. "The plans are gone and that's about all that's known of the theft. Something about a red weather balloon breaking free and a speedy



## MODERN COMICS

plane flying over the Aristal factory. We work on that slender thread."

"What about this red balloon?" asked Cbuck, the American member of the crew. "Any significance?"

Blackhawk nodded. "Anything can be significant, until we've got a clue."

"Then that plane," said the Frenchman Andre. "Is it known who was flying it?"

"No."

"No way to check?"

"It's been done. The registry was false, so that plane looks like something to go on," said Blackhawk.

Olaf, the big Scandinavian, cleared his throat. "Do you connect these two—the plane and the balloon?"

"Not yet," replied their leader. "And yet—"

Hendrickson, in his heavy Dutch accent, said, "You can't connect the two unless they was a crook in the plant—and wat connection iss there yet?"

Blackhawk turned to Stanislaus, who came from somewhere in the Balkans, but nobody knew where. "You haven't said anything yet, Stan."

Stanislaus looked glum. "Somehow I see a man workin' in that plant who is not on the level—sendin' up that balloon either as signal or with plans fastened to it. Along comes the plane—whoop!"

Blackhawk jumped to his feet. "That's it!"

Then everybody was on his feet. There was a mad scramble for the ramp which led down into the hangar far underground. There, a half dozen special planes of great speed and endurance stood waiting.

When they reached the lower level, Blackhawk said, "Now to find that plane!"

They roared out of the solid rock tunnel and lifted into the air—all seven of them. The seventh, who wasn't mentioned before, was Choy Chop, the little Chinese member of the group. He was grinning broadly now as the plane roared up into the stratosphere.

"We catchem balloon, you betcha!" he prattled. "We catchem crook!"

Blackhawk was, as usual, at the controls. He turned to Andre.

"Only one way to spot their plane, if it's still on the continent," he said. "And that's to go to about 50,000 and turn on everything."

Andre nodded. "Right, boss. We'll spot her if she's in the country."

Chuck said, "If they've landed and the motor is off, we'll have a lot harder time spotting it than if they were in the air."

"Of course," replied Andre, "because of the

ignition system throwing sparks which our pick-up will catch. . . . but we'll spot her anyway!"

They caught up with their plane much quicker than they thought. The indicator pointed to a woodsy patch below, and they came down fast and landed nearby.

They spilled out of the cabin and ran for the woods. A spiral of smoke drifted up from the trees.

They found the twisted, burned wreckage of a fast monoplane lying in the burned-off bushes. What bodies were inside were beyond recognition. The plane was almost disintegrated.

"Explosion," said Blackhawk. "They were evidently coming down for a landing when she blew up."

Chuck scratched his jaw. "Tanks don't look blown. Must've been from something inside."

Blackhawk nodded. "A bomb undoubtedly."

That afternoon they were closeted with the officials of the Aristal firm—and one other man, a small, grizzled oldster with a twinkle in his eyes.

"This is Burt Greene," said the president of the company. Blackhawk shook hands with the man.

"He saved the day—and the plans," went on the official. "You tell Blackhawk how, Burt."

"Wal," said Burt, "I was on the spot. Done a stretch onct. Knew if it got out I'd lose my job. Then this jabo Rocky got on my tail. Said I had to steal them plans and fasten them to a weather balloon and send her up—or he'd spill the beans."

"Go on," prompted the president.

"Rocky was pretty smart for a lug," continued Burt. "It was his whole plan. He said I was to tie the plans in a steel case used to carry the testing machinery, hang it to a red balloon—the only red balloon that was to go up—and he'd do the rest."

Burt chuckled. "But I scotched that. I filled a small balloon with cyanide gas—enough to conk Rocky and everybody else in his plane, and put it *inside* the helium filled weather balloon! Instead of puttin' any secret plans in the box, I stuck in a powerful bomb with a timer. I cut her loose.

"Along come that fast plane, scooped up the balloon and vanished. You know, that timer must've stuck—the plane got near ten miles from here before she cut loose!"

Burt chuckled again. "Wal, that's how it was. Now I gotta git back to work. I'm sendin' up another red balloon today—test the moisture content for them new rockets the boys are shooting to Mars, or somewhere."

# CHOO CHOO

IT'S A LONG-SHOT  
CHANCE ON A FLICKER  
CONTRACT, BUT YOU CAN  
MAKE IT, CHOO CHOO!  
JUST REMEMBER TO  
SWEEP BEHIND THE  
DOORS!

WELL, I'M USED  
TO SWEEPING IT  
UNDER THE RUGS,  
BUT IF THEY WANT  
IT PILED UP BEHIND  
DOORS, I'LL  
DO IT!

## TIP-TOP EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

DOMESTIC HELP  
OUR SPECIALTY  
POSITIONS  
AVAILABLE FOR  
MAIDS  
BUTLERS  
CHEFS  
CHAUFFEURS

HURRY, CHOO CHOO!  
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO  
KEEP THE CASTING  
OFFICE OPEN ALL DAY  
JUST FOR YOU!

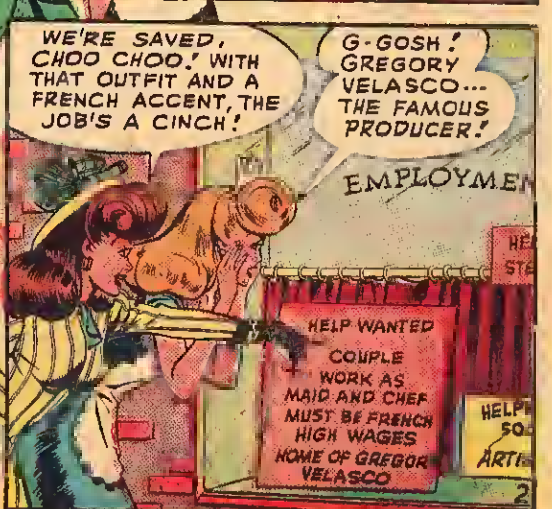
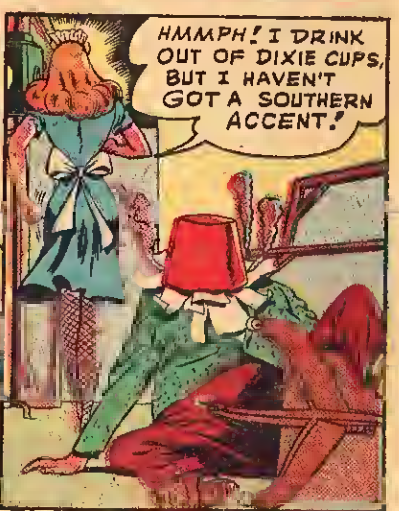
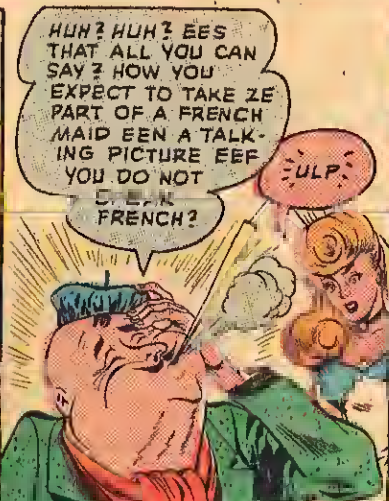
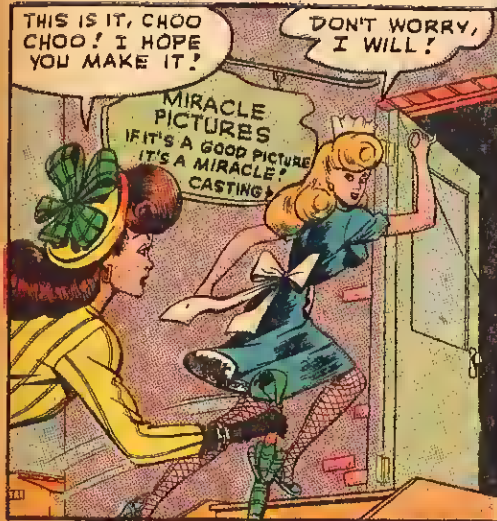
THERE! HOW  
DOES IT LOOK  
NOW?

YOU BETTER  
MAKE GOOD, KID!  
WE POOLED OUR  
LAST DIME TO  
GET YOU THIS  
COSTUME!

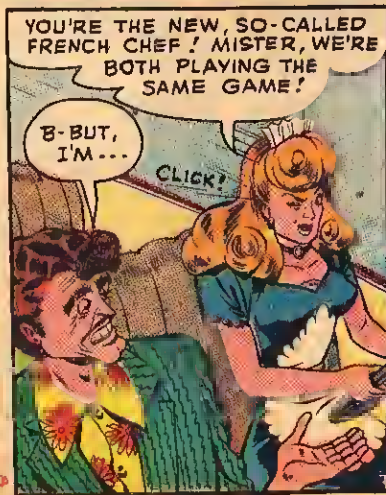
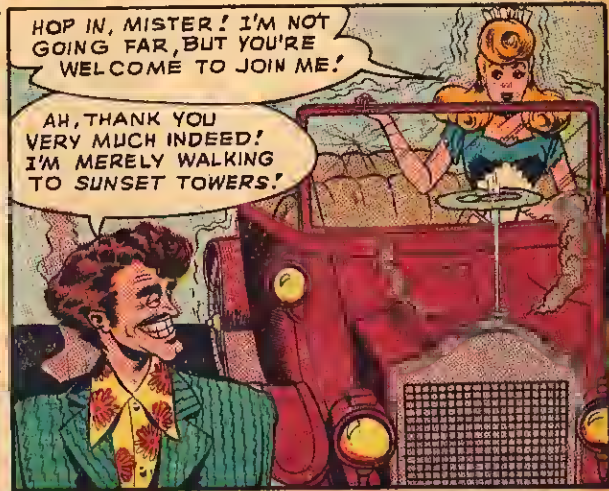
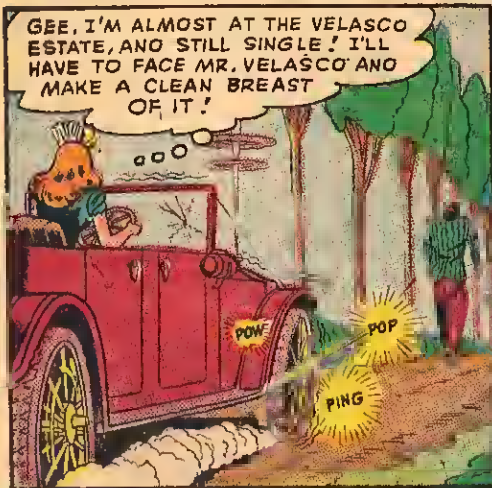
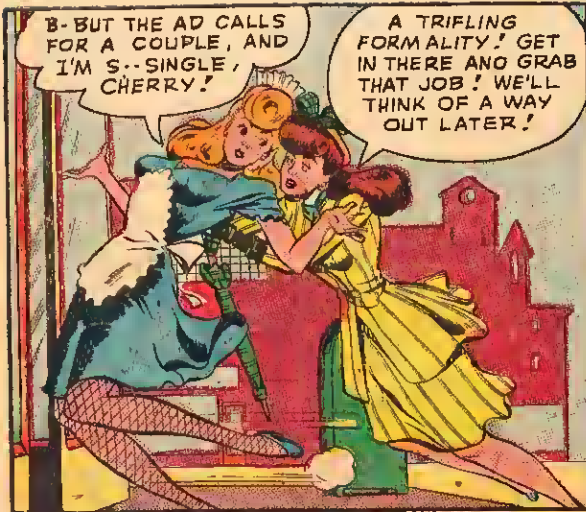
I'LL GRAB OFF  
THE PART OF  
THE FRENCH MAID  
IN JIG-TIME,  
CHERRY!  
AFTER ALL,  
MY FRENCH, EET  
EES PERFECT,  
NO?



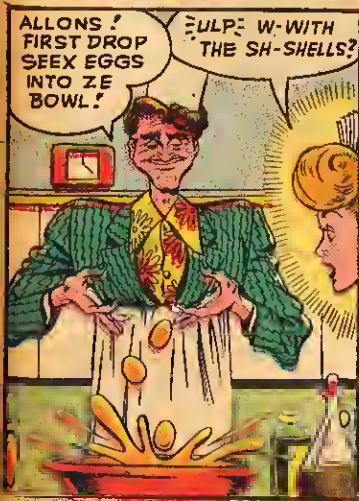
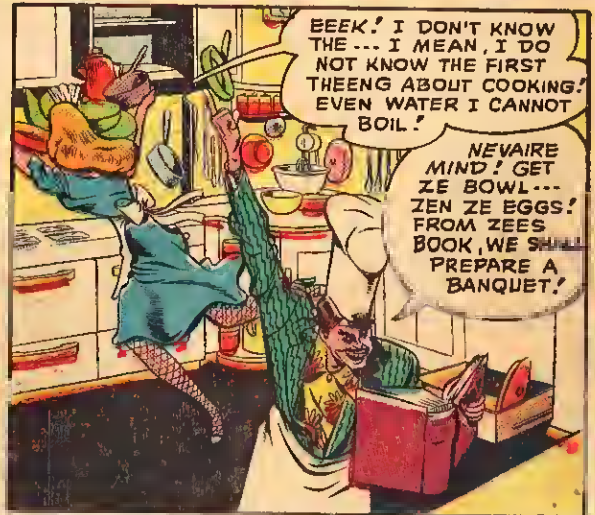
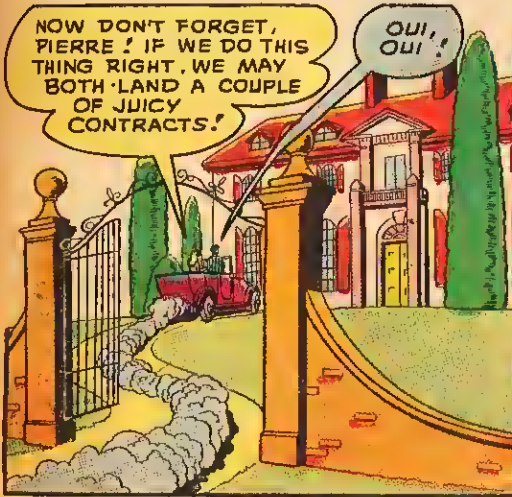






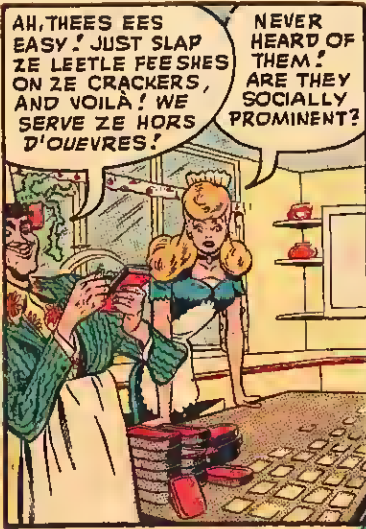








MODERN COMICS



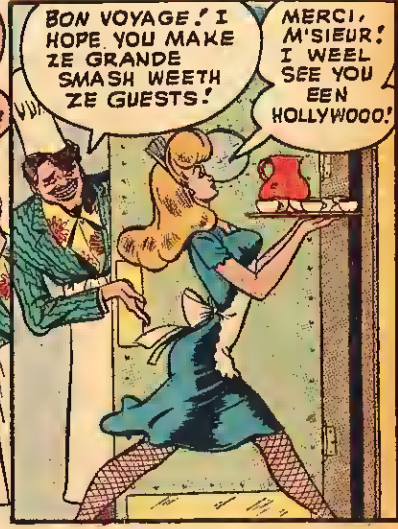
AH, THEES EES EASY! JUST SLAP ZE LEEETLE FEESHES ON ZE CRACKERS, AND VOILÀ! WE SERVE ZE HORS D'OEUVRES!

NEVER HEARD OF THEM! ARE THEY SOCIALLY PROMINENT?



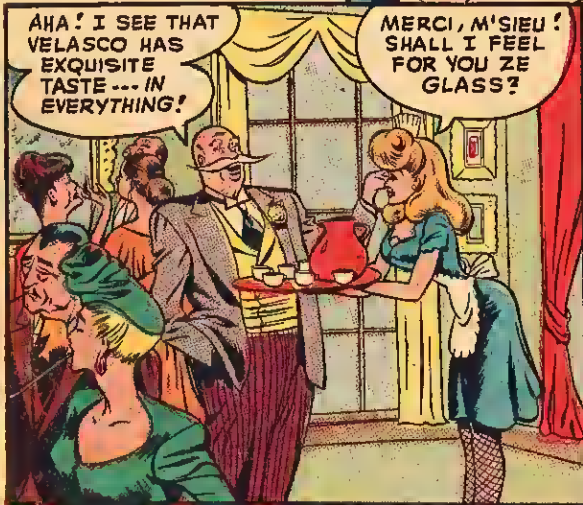
THERE! A DASH OF CAVIAR ON EACH CRACKER, AND WE'RE THROUGH!

CAVIAR? EET LOOKS LIKE TAPIOCA TO ME! BUT WHAT EES ZE DIFFERENCE?



BON VOYAGE! I HOPE YOU MAKE ZE GRANDE SMASH WEETH ZE GUESTS!

MERCI, M'SIEUR! I WEEL SEE YOU EEN HOLLYWOOD!



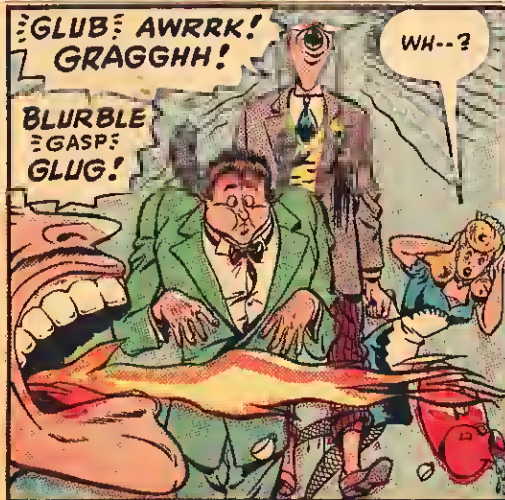
AHA! I SEE THAT VELASCO HAS EXQUISITE TASTE... IN EVERYTHING!

MERCI, M'SIEU! SHALL I FEEL FOR YOU ZE GLASS?



LET'S DRINK TO VELASCO'S EXCEPTIONAL CHOICE IN PUNCH AND MAIDS!

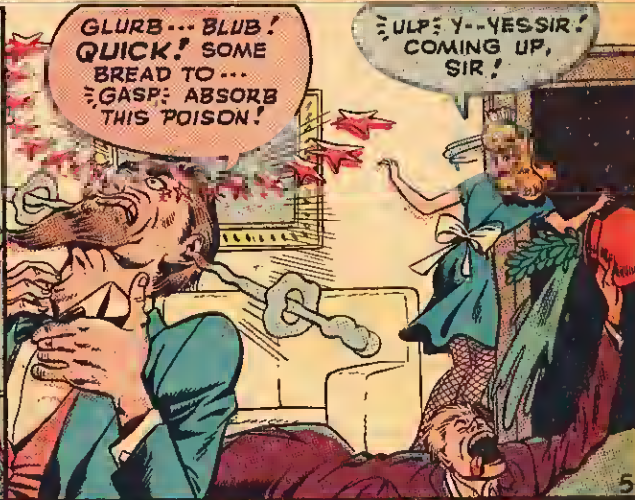
MMM... SMELLS TERRIFIC!



GLUB! AWRRK! GRAGGHH!

WH--?

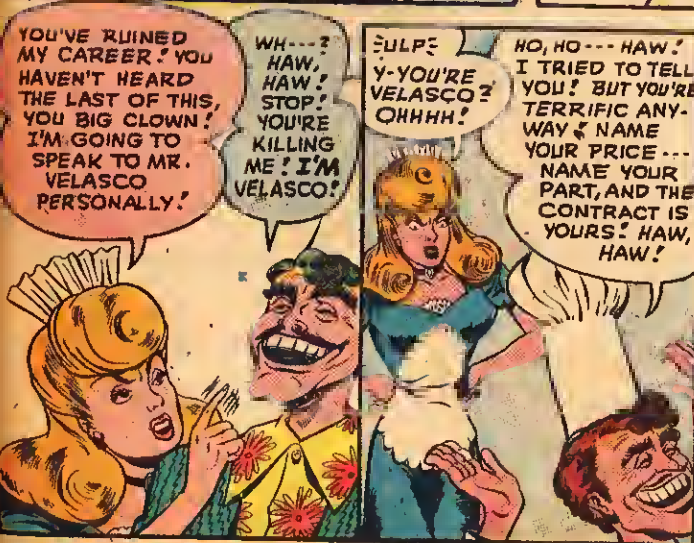
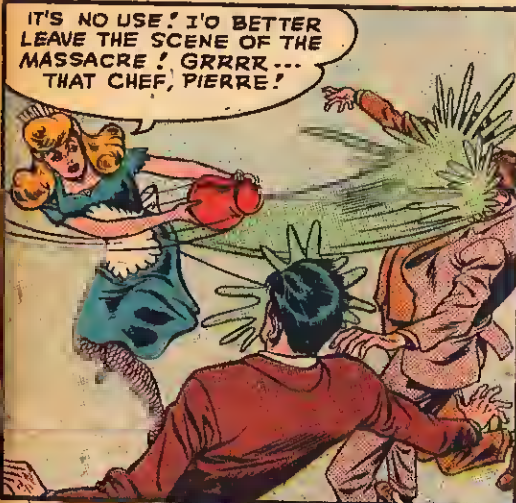
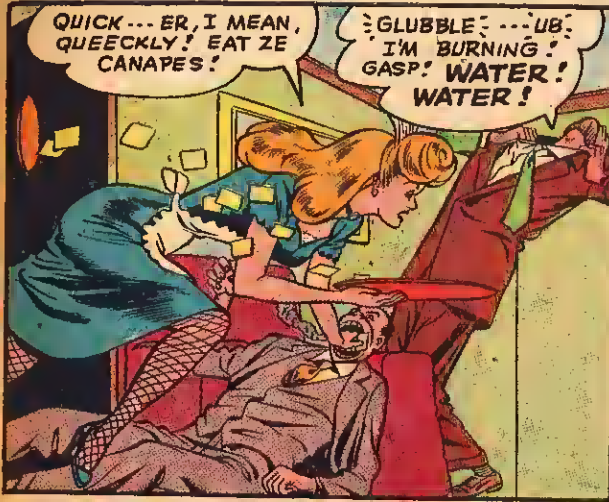
BLURBLE  
GASP!  
GLUG!



GLURB... BLUB! QUICK! SOME BREAD TO... GASP! ABSORB THIS POISON!

UHP! Y--YESSIR! COMING UP, SIR!





# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



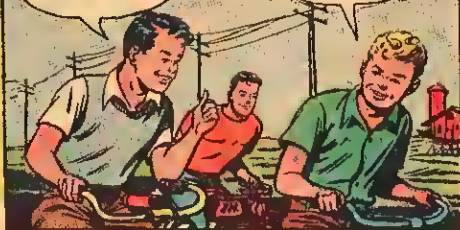
## ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

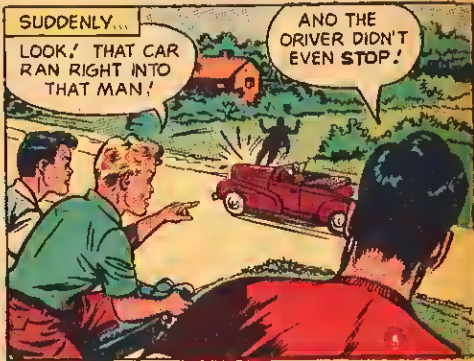
THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!

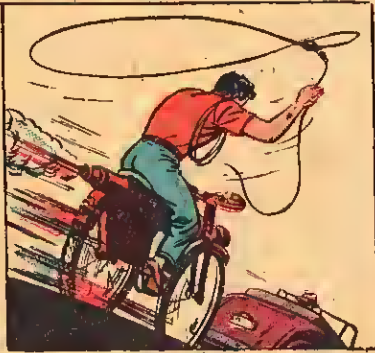


SUDDENLY...  
LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

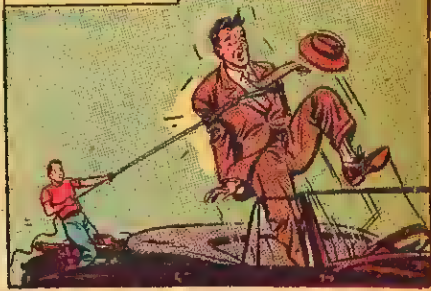
AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN... JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!

FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME" SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL... NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH IT'S SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

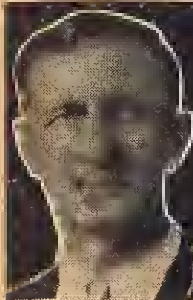
## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science



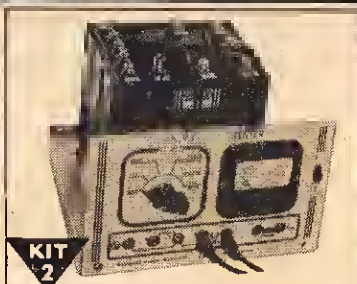


# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

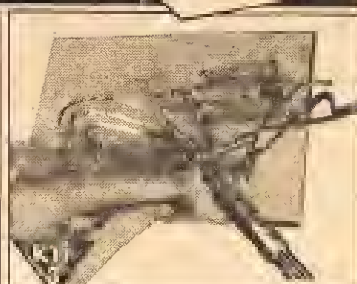
**I Send You  
Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



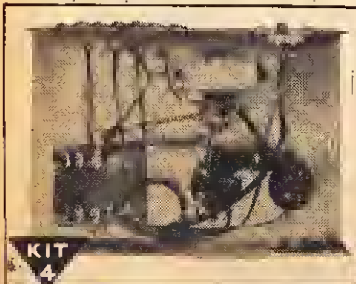
**KIT 1**  
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio Soldering; how to count and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



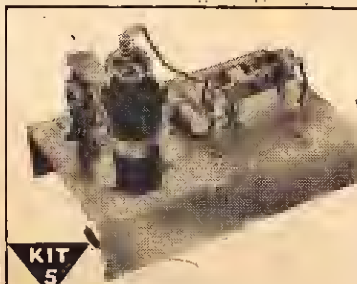
**KIT 2**  
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



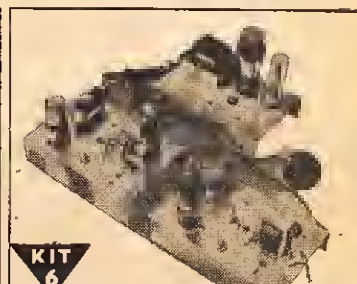
**KIT 3**  
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



**KIT 4**  
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT 5**  
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT 6**  
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

**Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, Electronic devices continues to grow. Send for FREE books now!

**Find Out What NRI Can Do For You**  
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8EA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

**APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL**

**Good for Both - FREE**

**MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 8EA3**  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

### VETERANS

You can get this training right in your own home under G. I. Bill.

Mail coupon for full details.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH  
RECEIVER SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO  
TELEVISION  
ELECTRONICS



**GOES WITH THE CROWD!**

**Butterfinger**  
CANDY...rich in dextrose

**For Fun  
and Food Energy!**

Wherever the crowd goes, whatever it does, delicious Butterfinger adds to the fun. Covered with rich chocolate coating, honey-combed center of golden peanut butter and tasty caramel, Butterfinger—rich in dextrose—is marvelous any time.



Another **CURTISS** Candy  
Also Makers of **Baby Ruth** Candy Bars

**CURTISS**

Producers of Fine Foods